

POEMS.

By

THOMAS CAREVV

Esquire.

One of the Gentlemen of the
Privie-Chamber, and Sewer in
Ordinary to His Majesty.

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ERRATA.

PAge 5. Line 4. for their, read: your. p. 15. l. 3. for
sent, r. lent. p. 43. l. 11. for it, read: not. p. 77. l. 3.
for danke, r. dampe. p. 85. l. 7. for Souldiers, r. Lovers.
p. 11. l. 15. r. I straight might seele. p. 113. l. 17. for
the, r. that. p. 122. l. 1. for where, r. what. p. 138. l. 3. for
pastime, r. passion. p. 148. for circle, r. sickle. p. 168. l. 18.
for friskeeth in, r. Iris-struts in.

Imprimatur,
MATTHEVV CLAY.
Aprill. 29. 1640.

POEMS.

The Spring.

NOW that the winter is gone, the earth hath lost
 Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
 Candies the grasse, or cattles anycie creame
 Vpon the silver Lake, or Chrystall streame:
 But the warme Sunne thawes the benumbed Earth,
 And makes it tender, gives a sacred birth
 To the dead Swallow; wakes in hollow tree
 The drowzie Cuckow, and the Humble-Bee;
 Now doe a quire of chirping Minstrels bring
 In triumph to the world, the youthfull Spring.
 The Vallies, hills, and woods, in rich aray,
 Welcome the comming of the long'd for May.
 Now all things smile; onely my Love doth lowre:
 Nor hath the scalding Noon-day-Sunne the power,
 To melt that marble yce, which still doth hold
 Her heart congeald, and makes her pittie cold.

The Oxe which lately did for shelter flie
 Into the stall, doth now securely lie
 In open fields; and love no more is made
 By the fire side; but in the cooler shade,
Amynt as now doth with his *Cloris* sleepe
 Under a Sycamoure, and all things keepe
 Time with the season, only thee doth carry
Iune in her eyes, in her heart *Ianuary*.

To

To A. L.

Perswasions to love.

THinke not cause men flatt'ring say,
 Yare fresh as Aprill sweet as May,
 Bright as is the morning starre,
 That you are so, or though you are
 Be not therefore proud, and deeme
 All men unworthy your esteeme.
 For being so, you loose the pleasure
 Of being faire, since that rich treasure
 Of rare beauty, and sweet feature
 Was bestow'd on you by nature
 To be enjoy'd, and 'twere a sinne,
 There to be scarce, where shee hath bin
 So prodigall of her best graces ;
 Thus common beauties, and meane faces
 Shall have more pastime, and enjoy
 The sport you loose by being coy.
 Did the thing for which I sue
 Onely concerne my selfe not you,
 Were men so fram'd as they alone

Reap'd all the pleasure, women none;
 Then had you reason to be scant;
 But 'twere a madnesse not to grant
 That which affords (if you consent)
 To you the giver, more content
 Than me the beggar; Oh then bee
 Kinde to your selfe if not to mee;
 Starue not your selfe, because you may
 Thereby make me pine away;
 Nor let brittle beautie make
 You your wiser thoughts forsake:
 For that lovely face will faile,
 Beautie's sweet, but beautie's fraile;
 'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done
 Than Summers raine, or winters Sun:
 Most fleeting when it is most deare,
 'Tis gone while wee but say 'tis here.
 These curious locks so aptly twind,
 Whose every haire a soule doth bind,
 Will change their abroun hue, and grow
 White, and cold as winters snow.
 That eye which now is *Cupids* nest
 Will proue his grave, and all the rest
 Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose

Nor lilly shall be found nor rose,
 And what will then become of all
 Those, whom now you servants call?
 Like T wallowes when ~~their~~ summers done, *your*
 They'le flye and seeke some warmer Sun.
 Then wisely chuse one to your friend,
 Whose love may, when your beauties end,
 Remaine still firme: be provident
 And thinke before the summers spent
 Of following winter; like the Ant
 In plenty hoord for time of scant,
 Cull out amongst the multitude
 Of lovers, that seeke to intude
 Into your favour, one that may
 Love for an age, not for a day.
 One that will quench your youthfull fires,
 And feed in age your hot desires.
 For when the stormes of time have mou'd,
 Waves on that checke which was belon'd,
 When a faire Ladies face is pin'd
 And yellow spread, where red once shin'd,
 When beauty youth, and all sweets leave her,
 Love may returne, but lover never.
 And old folkes say there are no paynes

Like itch of love in aged vaines.
 Oh love me then, and now begin it,
 Let us not loose this present minute :
 Fortime and age will worke that wrack
 Which time or age shall ne're call backe.
 The snake each yeare fresh skin resumes,
 And Eagles change their aged plumes ;
 The faded Rose each spring, receives
 A fresh red tincture on her leaves :
 But if your beauties once decay,
 You never know a second *May*.
 Oh, then be wise, and whilst your season
 Affords you dayes for sport doe reason;
 Spend not in vaine your lives short houre,
 But crop in time your beauties flower:
 Which will away, and doth together
 Both bud, and fade, both blow and wither.

Lips and Eyes.

IN *Celia's* face a question did arise
 Which were more beautifull, her lips or eyes:
 We (said the eyes,) send forth those poynted darts
 Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts.
 From us (replyd the lips,) proceed those blisses
 Which louers reape by kind words and sweet kisses.
 Then wept the eyes, and from their springs did powre
 Of liquid orientall pearle a shower.
 Whereat the lips mou'd with delight and pleasure,
 Through a sweete smile vnlockt their pearlie treasure.
 And bad love judge, whether did adde more grace:
 Weeping or smiling pearles to *Celia's* face.

A divine Mistris.

INatures peeces still I see
 Some error, that might mended bee ;
 Something my wish could still remove,
 Alter or adde; but my faire love
 Was fram'd by hands farre more divine ;
 For she hath every beauteous line :
 Yet I had beene farre happier,
 Had Nature that made me, made her ;
 Then likenes, might (that love creates)
 Have made her love what now she hates :
 Yet I confesse I cannot spare,
 From her iust shape the smallest haire ;
 Nor need I beg from all the store
 Of heaven, for her one beautie more :
 Shee hath too much divinity for mee,
 You Gods teach her some more humanitie.

SONG.

A beautifull Mistris.

IF when the Sun at noone displays
 His brighter rayes,
 Thou but appeare,
 He then all pale with shame and feare,
 Quencheth his light,
 Hides his darke brow, flyes from thy sight,
 And growes more dimme
 Compar'd to thee, then starres to him.
 If thou but shew thy face againe,
 When darkenesse doth at midnight raigne,
 The darkenesse flyes, and light is hurl'd,
 Round about the silent world:
 So as alike thou driu'st away,
 Both light and darkenesse, night and day.

A cruell Mistris.

WE E read of Kings and Gods that kindly tooke,
 A pitcher fil'd with water from the brooke ;
 But I have dayly tendred without thanks
 Rivers of teares that overflow their bankes,
 A slaughter'd bull will appease angry *Love*
 A horse the Sun, a Lambe the God of love,
 But shee disdaines the spotlesse sacrifice
 Of a pure heart that at her altar lyes.
Vesta is not displeas'd if her chaste vrne
 Doe with repayred fuell ever burne ;
 But my Saint frownes though to her honour'd name.
 I consecrate a never dying Name.
 Th' Assyrian King did none i'th' furnace throw,
 But those that to his Image did not bow ;
 With bended-knees J daily worship her,
 Yet she consumes her owne Idolater.
 Of such a Goddesse no times leave record,
 That burnt the temple where she was ador'd.

Song.

(II)

SONG.

Murdring beautie.

Let gaze no more on her bewitching face,
Since ruing barbours there in every place.
For my enchanted soule alike shee drownes
With calmes and tempests of her smiles and frownes,
I'le love no more those cruel eyes of hers,
Which pleas'd or anger'd still are murderers:
For if she dart (like lightning) through the ayre
Her beames of wrath, she kills me with despair.
If shee behold me with a pleasing eye,
I surfet with excess of joy, and dye.

My

*My mistress commanding me
to returne her letters.*

SO grieues th' adventrous Merchant, when he throwes
All the long toyl'd for treasure his ship stowes,
Into the angry maine, to save from wrack
Himselfe and men, as I grieve to give backe
These letters, yet so powerfull is your sway,
As if you bid me die I must obey.
Go then blest papers, you shall kisse those hands
That gave you freedome, but hold me in bands,
Which with a touch did give you life, but I
Because I may not touch those hands, must die.
Me thinkes, as if they knew they should be sent
Home to their native soile from banishment,
I see them smile, like dying Saints, that know
They are to leave the earth, and tow'rd heaven goe.
When you returne, pray tell your Soveraigne
And mine, I gave you courteous entertaines;
Each line receiv'd a teare, and then a kisse,
First bath'd in that, it scap'd vnscorcht from this:
I kist it because your hand had been there
But 'cause it was not now, I shed a teare.

Tell

Tell her no length of time nor change of ayre,
 No crueltie, disdaine, absence, dispaire;
 No nor her stedfast constancie can deterre,
 My vassall heart from ever hon'ring her.
 Though these be powerfull arguments to prove
 I love in vaine; yet I must ever love;
 Say, if she frowne when you that word rehearse,
 Service in prose, is oft call'd love in verse:
 Then pray her, since I send back on my part
 Her papers, she will send me back my heart.
 If she refuse, warne her to come before
 The God of Love, whom thus I will implore.
 Trav'ling thy Countries road (*great God*) I spide
 By chance this Lady, and walkt by her side
 From place to place; fearing no violence,
 For I was well arm'd, and had made defence
 In former fights, 'gainst fiercer foes, then shee
 Did at our first insounter seeme to bee.
 But going farther, every step reveal'd
 Some hidden weapon, till that time conceal'd.
 Seeing those outward armes, I did begin
 To feare, some greater strength was lodg'd within,
 Looking into her mind, I might survey
 An host of beauties that in ambush lay

And

And won the day before they fought the field ;
 For I unable to resist, did yeild.
 But the insulting tyrant so destroyes
 My conquer'd mind, my ease, my peace, my joyes.
 Breaks my sweete sleepes, invades my harmelesse rest,
 Robs me of all the treasure of my brest,
 Spares not my heart, nor yet a greater wrong ;
 For having stolne my heart she binds my tongue.
 But at the last her melting eyes vnseal'd,
 My lips, enlarg'd, my tongue, then I reveal'd
 To her owne eares the story of my harmes
 Wrought by her vertues, and her beauties charmes ;
 Now heare (Iust judge) an act of savagenesse,
 When I complaine in hope to find redresse,
 Shee bends her angry brow, and from her eye,
 Shootes thousand darts, I then well hop'd to die,
 But in such soveraigne balme, love dips his shot
 That though they wound a heart, they kill it not ;
 Shee saw the blond gush forth from many a wound,
 Yet fled, and left me bleeding on the ground,
 Nor sought my cure, nor saw me since 'tis true
 Absence, and time, (two cunning Leaches) drew
 The flesh together, yet sure though the skin
 Be clos'd without, the wound festers within.

Thus

Thus hath this cruell Lady, vs'd a true
 Servant, and subject to her selfe, and you,
 Nor know I (great Love,) if my life be sent *lent*
 To shew thy mercy or my punishment;
 Since by the onely Magick of thy Art
 A lover still may live that wants his heart.
 If this enditement fright her, so as shee
 Seeme willing to returne my heart to mee,
 But cannot find it, (for perhaps it may;
 Mong'ft other trifeling hearts be out oth' way.)
 If she repent and would make me amends
 Bid her but send me hers, and we are friends.

Scarf

Secresie protested.

FEare not (deare Love,) that I'll reveale
 Those houres of pleasure we two steale;
 No eye shall see, nor yet the Sun
 Descry, what thou and I have done;
 No eare shall heare our love, but wee
 Silent as the night will bee.
 The God of love himselfe (whose dart
 Did first wound mine, and then thy heart)
 Shall never know, that we can tell
 What sweets in stolne embraces dwell.
 This only meanes may find it out,
 If when I dye, Physicians doubt
 What caus'd my death, and there to view
 Of all their judgements which was true;
 Rip up my heart, Oh then I feare
 The world will see thy picture there.

A prayer to the Wind.

GOe thou gentle whispering wind,
 Beare this sigh ; and if thou find
 Where my cruell faire doth rest,
 Cast it in her snowie brest,
 So, enflamed by my desire,
 It may set her heart a-fire.
 Those sweet kisses thou shalt gaine,
 Will reward thee for thy paine :
 Boldly light upon her lip,
 There suck Odours, and thence skip
 To her bosome ; softly fall
 Downe, and wander over all :
 Range about these Ivorie hills,
 From whose every part distills
 Amber dew ; there Spices grow,
 There pure streames of Nectar flow ;
 There perfume thy selfe, and bring
 All those sweets upon thy wing :
 As thou return'st, change by thy power,
 Every weed into a flower ;

Turne each Thistle to a Vine,

Make the Bramble Eglantine.

For so rich a bootie made,

Doe but this, and I am payd.

Thou canst with thy powerfull blast,

Heat apace, and coole as fast:

Thou canst kinde hidden flame,

And ag'en destroy the same;

Then for pittie, either stir

Vp the fire of love in her,

That alike both flames may shine,

Or else quite extinguish mine.

Mediocritie

Mediocritie in love rejected.

SONG.

Give me more love, or more disdain;
 The Torrid, or the frozen Zone,
 Bring equall ease unto my pain;
 The temperate affords me none:
 Either extreame, of love, or hate,
 Is sweeter than a calme estate.

Give me a storme; if it be love,
 Like Danae in that golden showre
 I swimme in pleasure; if it prove
 Disdain, that torrent will devoure
 My future-hopes; and he's possesse
 Of Heaven, that's bur from Hell releas'd:
 Then crowne my joyes, or cure my pain;
 Give me more love, or more disdain.

Good counsel to a young Maid.

SONG.

Gaze not on thy beauties pride,
Tender Maid, in the false tide,
That from Lovers eyes doth slide.

Let thy faithfull Crystall show,
How thy colours came, and goe,
Beautie takes a foyle from mee.

Love, that in those smooth streames lyes,
Under pitties faire disguise,
Will by melting heart surprize.

Netts, of passion finest thred,
Snaring Poems, will be spred,
All, to catch thy maiden-head.

Then beware, for those that cure
Loves disease, themselves endure
Forreward, a Calenture.

Rather let the Lover pine,
Then his pale cheekes, should assigne
A perpetuall blush to shine.

*To my Mistris sitting by
a Rivers side.*

AN EDDY.

MArke how yond Eddy steales away,
From the rude streame into the Bay,
There lockt up safe, she doth divorce

Her waters from the chanel's course,
And scornes the Torrent, that did bring
Her headlong from her native spring.
Now doth she with her new love play,
Whilst he runs murmuring away.

Marke how she courts the bankes, whilst they
As amorously their armes display,

Embrace, and clip her silver waves:
See how she strokes their sides, and craves
An entrance there, which they deny;
Whereat the frownes, threatening to flye
Home to her streame, and gins to swim
Backward, but from the chanel's brim,
Smiling, returns into the creeke,
With thousand dimples on her cheek.

Be thou this Eddy, and I'll make
 My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take
 Secure repose, and never dreame
 Of the quite forsaken streame :
 Let him to the wide Ocean hast,
 There lose his colour, name, and tast ;
 Thou shalt save all, and safe from him,
 Within these armes for ever swim.

Conquest

SONG.

Conquest by flight.

LAdyes, flye from Love's smooth tale,
 Loarbes steep'd in teares doe oft prevaile;
 Griefe is infectious, and the ayre
 Enflam'd with sighes, will blast the sayre:
 Then stop your eares, when lovers cry,
 Lest your selfe weepe, when no soft eye,
 Shall with a sorrowing teare repay
 That pittie which you cast away.

Young men fly, when beautie darts,
 Amorous glances at your hearts:
 The first marke gives the shooter ayme;
 And Ladies looks have power to mayme;
 Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
 Wrapt in a smile, or kisse, Love lyes;
 Then flye betimes, for only they
 Conquer love that run away.

SONG.

To my inconstant Mistris.

Whenthou, poore excommunicate
 From all the joyes of love, shalt see
 The full reward, and glorious fate,
 Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
 Then curse thine owne inconstancie,
 A fayrer hand then thine, shalt cure
 That heart, which thy false oathes did wound;
 And to my soule, a soule more pure
 Than thine, shall by Loves band be bound,
 And both with equall glory crown'd.
 Then shalt thou weepe, entreat, complaine
 To Love, as I did once to thee;
 When all thy teares shall be as vaine
 As mine were then, for thou shalt bee
 Damn'd for thy false Apostasie.

S O N G.

Perswasions to enjoy.

IF the quick spirits in your eye
 Now languish, and anon must dye;
 If every sweet, and every grace,
 Must fly from that forsaken face:

Then (Celia) let us reape our joyes,
 Ere time such goodly fruit destroyes.

Or, if that golden sleepe must grow
 For ever, free from aged snow:

If those bright Suns must know no shade,
 Nor your fresh beauties ever fade;
 Then feare not (Celia) to bestow,
 What still being gather'd, still must grow.

Thus, either Time his Sickle brings
 In vaine, or else in vaine his wings.

A dis-

A deposition from Love.

I Was foretold, your rebell sex,
 Nor love, nor pittie knew;
 And with what scorne, you use to vex
 Poore hearts, that humbly sue;
 Yet I believ'd, to crowne our paine,
 Could we the fortresse win,
 The happy lover sure should gaine,
 A Paradise within:
 I thought loves plagues, like Dragons fate,
 Only to fright us at the gate.
 But I did enter, and enjoy,
 What happy lovers prove;
 For I could kisse, and sport, and toy,
 And tast those sweets of love;
 Which had they but a lasting state,
 Or if in *Celia's* brest,
 The force of love might nor abate;
Jove were too meane a guest.
 But now her breach of faith, far more
 Afflicts, then did her scorne before.

Hard fate ! to have been once possess

As victor, of a heart,

Archiv'd with labour, and unrest,

And then forc'd to depart.

If the stout Foe will not resigne,

When I besiege a Towne,

I lose, but what was never mine ;

But he that is cast downe

From enjoy'd beautie, feels a woe,

Onely deposed Kings can know.

Ingratefull

Ingratefull beauty threatned.

K Now *Celia*, (since thou art so proud,)
 'Twas I that gave thee thy renowne :
 Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd

Of common beauties, liv'd unknowne,
 Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
 And with it, ympt the wings of fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
 I gave it to thy voyce, and eyes :
 Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine ;
 Thou art my starre, shin'st in my skies ;
 Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere
 Lightning on him, that fixt thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
 Lest what I made, I uncreate ;
 Let fooles thy mystique formes adore,
 I'll know thee in thy mortall state :
 Wise Poets that wrap't Truth in tales,
 Knew her themselves, through all her vail's.

Disdaine

Disdaine returned.

HEE that loves a Rosie cheek,
 Or a corall lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seeke,
 Fuell to maintaine his fires;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth, and stedfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calme desires,
 Hearts, with equall love combine,
 Kindle never dying fires.
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

Not eares, *Celia*, now shall win,
 My resolv'd heart, to returne;
 I have searcht thy soule within,
 And find nought, but pride, and scorne;
 I have learn'd thy arts, and now
 Can disdaine as much as thou.
 Some power, in my revenge convey,
 That love to her, I cast away.

A Looking-Glasse.

THat flattering Glasse, whose smooth face weares
Your shadow, which a Sunne appeares,
Was once a river of my teares.

About your cold heart, they did make
A circle, where the brinie lake
Congeal'd, into a crystill cake.

Gaze no more on that killing eye,
For feare the native crueltie
Dooe you, as it doth all, to dye.

For feare lest the faire object move,
Your froward heart to fall in love,
Then you your selfe my rivall prove.

Looke rather on my pale cheekes pin'de,
There view your beauties, there you'll finde
A faire face, but a cruell minde.

Be not for ever frozen, coy;
One beame of love, will soone destroy,
And melt that yce, to fionds of joy.

*An Elegie on the La: P E N:
sent to my Mistrresse out of
France.*

LET him, who from his tyrant Mistrresse, did
This day receive his cruell doome, forbid
His eyes to weepe that losse, and let him here
Open those floud-gates, to bedew this beere;
So shall those drops, which else would be but brine,
Be turn'd to Manna, falling on her shrine.
Let him, who banisht farre from her deere sight
Whom his soule loves, doth in that absence write,
Or lines of passion, or some powerfull charmes,
To vent his owne griefe, or unlock her armes;
Take off his pen, and in sad verse bemone
This generall sorrow, and forget his owne;
So may those Verses live, which else must dye;
For though the Muses give eternitie
When they embalne with verse, yet she could give
Life unto that Muse, by which others live.
Oh pardon me (faire soule) that boldly have
Dropt, though but one teare, on thy silent grave.

And

And writ on that earth, which such honour had,
 To cloath that flesh, wherein thy selfe was clad,
 And pardon me (sweet Saint) whom I adore,
 That I this tribute pay, out of the store
 Of lines, and teares, that's only due to thee;
 Oh, doe not thinke it new Idolatrie;
 Though you are only soveraigne of this Land,
 Yet universall losses may command
 A subsidie from every private eye,
 And presse each pen to write; so to supply,
 And feed the common grieffe; if this excuse
 Prevaile not, take these teares to your owne use,
 As shed for you; for when I saw her dye,
 I then did thinke on your mortalitie;
 For since nor vertue, will, nor beautie, could
 Preserve from Death's hand, this their heavenly mould.
 Where they were framed all, and where they dwelt,
 I then knew you must dye too, and did melt
 Into these teares: but thinking on that day,
 And when the gods resolv'd to take away
 A Saint from us; I that did know what dearth
 There was of such good soules upon the earth,
 Began to feare lest Death, their Officer
 Might have mistooke, and taken thee for her;

So had'st thou rob'd us of that happinesse
 Which she in heaven, and I in thee possesse.
 But what can heaven to her glory adde ?
 The prayes she hath dead, living she had,
 To say she's now an Angell, is no more
 Praise then she had, for she was one before;
 Which of the Saints can shew more votaries
 Then she had here ? even those that did despise
 The Angels, and may her now she is one,
 Did whilst she liv'd with pure devotion
 Adore, and worship her ; her vertues had
 All honour here, for this world was too bad
 To hate, or envy her, these cannot rise
 So high, as to repine at Deities:
 But now she's 'mongst her fellow Saints, they may
 Begood enough to envy her, this way
 There's losse i'th change 'twixt heav'n and earth, if she
 Should leave her servants here below, to be
 Hated of her competitors above;
 But sure her matchlesse goodnesse needs must move
 Those blest soules to admire her excellence ;
 By this meanes only can her journey hence
 To heaven prove gaine, if as she was but here
 Worshipt by men, she be by Angels there

But I must weepe no more over this urne,
 My teares to their owne chanell must retorne;
 And having ended these sad obsequies,
 My Muse must back to her old exercise,
 To tell the story of my martyrdome:
 But, oh thou Idoll of my soule, become
 Once pittifull, that she may change her stile,
 Drie up her blubbred eyes, and learne to smile.
 Rest then blest soule, for as ghosts flye away,
 When the shrill Cock proclaimes the infant-day,
 So must I hence, for loe I see from farre,
 The minions of the Muses comming are,
 Each of them bringing to thy sacred Hetse,
 In either eye a teare, each hand a Verse.

T

To my Mistresse in absence.

THough I must live here, and by force
 Of your command suffer divorce;
 Though I am parted, yet my mind,
 (That's more my selfe) still stayes behind;
 I breath in you, you keepe my heart;
 'Twas but a carcasse that did part.
 Then though our bodies are dis-joynd;
 As things that are to place confin'd;
 Yet let our boundlesse spirits meet,
 And in loves spheare each other greet;
 There let us worke a mystique wreath,
 Vnknowne unto the world beneath;
 There let our claspt loves sweetly twin;
 There let our secret thoughts unseen,
 Like nets be wear'd, and inter-twin'd,
 Wherewith wee'll catch each others mind:
 There whilst our soules doe sit and kisse,
 Tasting a sweet, and subtile blisse,
 (Such as grosse lovers cannot know,
 Whose hands, and lips, meet here below ;)

Let us looke downe, and marke what paine
 Our absent bodies here sustaine,
 And smile to see how farre away
 The one, doth from the other stray;
 Yet burne, and languish with desire
 To joyne, and quench their mutuall fire.
 There let us joy to see from farre,
 Our emulous flames at loving warre,
 Whilst both with equall luster shine,
 Mine bright as yours, yours bright as mine.
 There seated in those heavenly bowers,
 Wee'le cheate the lag, and lingring houres,
 Making our bitter absence sweet,
 Till soules, and bodies both, may meet.

To

To her in absence.
A SHIP.

TOST in a troubled sea of griefes, I floate
 Farre from the shore, in a storme-beaten boat,
 Where my sad thoughts doe (like the compasse) show
 The severall points from which crosse winds doe blow.
 My heart doth like the needle toucht with love
 Still fixt on you, point which way I would move.
 You are the bright Pole-starre, which in the darke
 Of this long absence, guides my wandring barke.
 Love is the Pilot, but o're come with feare
 Of your displeasure, dares not homewards steere;
 My fearefull hope hangs on my trembling saile;
 Nothing is wanting but a gentle gale,
 Which pleasant breath must blow from your sweet lip.
 Bid it but move, and quick as thought this Ship
 Into your armes, which are my port, will flye
 Where it forever shall at Anchor lye.

SONG.

Eternitie of love protested.

How ill doth he deserve a lovers name,
 Whose pale weak flame,
 Cannot retaine

Himselfe in sight of absence or disdain;
 But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
 Burne, and expire?

True love can never change his seat,
 Nor did he ever love, that could retreat.

That noble flame, which my breast kee, as alive,
 Shall still survive,

When my soule's fled;
 Nor shall my love dye, when my bodie's dead,
 That shall raise on me to the lower shade,
 And never fade:

My very ashes in their urne,
 Shall like a hallowed Lamp, for ever burne.

Upon

*Upon some alterations in my
Mistresse, after my depar-
ture into France.*

OH gentle Love, doe not forsake the guide
Of my fraile Barke, on which the swelling tide
Of ruthlesse pride
Doth beat, and threaten wrack from every side
Gulfs of disdain, doe gape to overwhelm
This boat, nigh sunke with griefe, whilst at the helme
Dispaire commands;
And round about, the shifting sands
Of fathlesse love, and false inconstancie,
With rocks of crueltie,
Stop up my passage to the neighbour Lands.

My sighs have rays'd those winds, whose fury beares
My sayles or'e board, and in their place spreads teares,
And from my teares
This sea is sprung, where naught but Death appears,

A myrie cloud of anger, hides the light
Of my faire starre, and every where black night

Usurpes the place

Of those bright rays, which once did grace
My forth-bound Ship, but when it could no more

Behold the vanish'd shore,
In the deep flood she drown'd her beaming face.

Good

*Good counsell to a young
Maid.*

When you the Sun-burnt Pilgrim see
fainting with thirst, hast to the springs ;
Marke how at first with bended knee

He courts the crystill Nymphs, and flings
His body to the earth, where He
Prostrate adores the flowing Deitie.

But when his sweaty face is drencht

In her coole waves, when from her sweet
Bosome, his burning thirst is quencht ;

Then marke how with disdainfull feet
He kicks her banks, and from the place
That thus refresht him, moves with sullen pace.

So shalt thou be despis'd, faire Maid,

When by the fated lover tasted ;
What first he did with teares invade,

Shall afterwards with scorn be wastd ;
When all thy Virgin-springs grow dry,
When no streames shall be left, but in thine eye.

Celia bleeding, to the Surgeon.

Fond man, that canst beleve her blood
 Will from those purple chancels flow ;
 Or that the pure untainted flood,
 Can any fowle distemper know ;
 Or that thy weake Steele can incize
 The CrySTALL case, wherein it lyes,

Know ; her quick blood, proud of his fear,
 Runs dauncing through her azure veines ;
 Whose harmony no cold, nor heat
 Disturbs, whose hue no tincture stains ;
 And the hard rock wherein it dwells,
 The keenest darts of Love repels.

But thou reply'st, behold she bleeds ;
 Foole, thou'rt deceivd ; and dost not know
 The mystique knot whence this proceeds,
 How Lovers in each other grow ;
 Thou struckst her arme, but 'twas my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the smart,

n. *To T.H. a Lady resembling
my Mistresse.*

F Ayre copie of my *Celia's* face,
Twin of my soule, thy perfect grace
Claymes in my love an equall place.

Disdaine not a divided heart,
Though all be hers, you shall have part;
Love is not tyde to rules of art.

For as my soule first to her flew,
Yet stay'd with me; so now 'tis true
It dwells with her, though fled to you.

Then entertaine this wandring guest,
And if ~~in~~ love, allow it rest; *not*
It left not, but mistooke the nest.

Nor thinke my love, or your faire eyes
Cheaper, 'cause from the sympathise
You hold with her, these flames arise.

To Lead, or Brasse, or some such bad
Mettall, a Princes stamp may adde
That valow, which it never had.

But to the pure refined Ore;
 The stamp of Kings imparts no more
 Worth, then the metall held before,

Only the Image gives the rate
 To Subjects, in a foraine State
 'Tis priz'd as much for its owne waight.

So though all other hearts resigne
 To your pure worth, yet you have mine
 Only because you are her coyne.

To

To Saxham.

THough frost, and snow, lockt from mine eyes,
 That beautie which without dore lyes;
 Thy gardens, orchards, walkes, that so
 I might not all thy pleasures know;
 Yet (*Saxham*) thou within thy gate,
 Art of thy selfe so delicate;
 So full of native sweets, that blesse
 Thy roöfe with inward happinesse;
 As neither from, nor to thy store
 Winter takes ought, or Spring addes more,
 The cold and frozen ayre had sterv'd
 Much poore, if not by thee preserv'd;
 Whose prayers have made thy Table blest
 With plenty, far above the rest.
 The season hardly did afford
 Course cates unto thy neighbours board,
 Yet thou hadst daintyes, as the skie
 Had only been thy Volarie;
 Or else the birds, fearing the snow
 Might to another deluge grow:

The Pheasant, Partridge, and the Lark,
 Flew to thy house, as to the Arke.
 The willing Oxe, of himselfe came
 Home to the slaughter, with the Lambe,
 And every beast did thither bring
 Himselfe, to be an offering.
 The scale herd, more pleasure tooke,
 Bath'd in thy dish, then in the brooke;
 Water, Earth, Ayre, did all conspire,
 To pay their tributes to thy fire,
 Whose cherishing flames themselves divide
 Through every roome, where they deride
 The night, and cold abroad; whilst they
 Like suns within, keepe endless day.
 These chearfull beames send forth their light,
 To all that wander in the night,
 And seeme to beckon from aloofe,
 The weary Pilgrim to thy roofe;
 Where if refresh't, he will away,
 Hee's fairly welcome, or if stay
 Farre more, which he shall hearty find,
 Both from the Master, and the Hinde.
 The strangers welcome, each man there
 Stamp'd on his chearfull brow, doth weare;

Nor doth this welcome, or his cheere
 Grow lesse, 'cause he staies longer here;
 There's none observes (much lesse repines)
 How often this man sups or dines.
 Thou hast no Porter at the doore
 T'examine, or keep back the poore;
 Nor locks, nor bolts; thy gates have bin
 Made onely to let strangers in;
 Vnraught to shut, they doe not feare
 To stand wide open all the yeare;
 Carelesse who enters, for they know,
 Thou never didst deserve a foe;
 And as for theeves, thy bountie's such;
 They cannot steale, thou giv'st so much.

V. 12

Upon a Ribband.

THis silken wreath, which circles in mine arme,
 Is but an Emblem of that mystique charme,
 Wherewith the magique of your beauties binds
 My captive soule, and round about it winds
 Fetters of lasting love; This hath entwined
 My flesh alone, That hath empalde my mind:
 Time may weare out These soft weak bands; but Those
 Strong chaines of brasse, Fate shall not discompe.

This holy relique may preserve my wrist,
 But my whole frame doth by That power sublist:
 To That my prayers and sacrifice, to This
 I onely pay a superstitious kisse:
 This but the Idoll, That's the Deitie,
 Religion there is due; Here ceremonie.
 That I receive by faith, This but in trust;
 Here I may tender dutie; There I must.

This order as a Layman I may beare,
 But I become Loves Priest when That I weare.
 This moves like ayre; That as the Center stands:
 That knot your vertue tide; This but your hands:
 That Nature fram'd, but This was made by Art;
 This makes my arme your prisoner, That my heart.

*To the King at his entrance
into Saxham, by Master
Io. Crofts.*

SIR,
Ere you passe this threshold, stay,
And give your creature leave to pay
Those pious rites, which unto you,
As to our household Gods, are due.

In stead of sacrifice, each brest
Is like a flaming Altar, drest
With zealous fires, which from pure hearts
Love mixt with loyalty imparts.

Incense, nor gold have we, yet bring
As rich, and sweet an offering;
And such as doth both these expresse,
Which is our humble thankfulness.

By which is payd the All we owe
To gods above, or men below.
The slaughter'd beast, whose flesh should feed
The hungry flames, we, for pure need
Dresse for your supper, and the gore
Which should be dasht on every dore,

We change into the lustie blood
 Of youthfull Vines, of which a flood
 Shall sprightly run through all your veins;
 First to your health, then your faire traines.

We shall want nothing but good fare,
 To shew your welcome, and our care;
 Such rarities that come from farre,
 From poore mens houses banisht are;
 Yet wee'le expresse in homely cheare,
 How glad we are to see you here.
 Wee'le have what e're the season yeelds,
 Out of the neighbouring woods, and fields;
 For all the dainties of your board,
 Will only be what those afford;
 And having sup't, we may perchance
 Present you with a countrie dance.

Thus much your servants, that beare sway
 Here in your absence, bad me say,
 And beg besides, you'd hither bring,
 Only the mercy of a King;
 And not the greatnesse, since they have
 A thousand faults must pardon crave;
 But nothing that is fit to waite
 Vpon the glory of your state.

Yet your grácious favour will,
 They hope, as heretofore, shine still
 On their endeavours, for they swore
 Should Jove descend, they could no more;

E 2

Upon

Upon the sicknesse of (E.S.)

MVst she then languish, and we sorrow thus,
 And no kind god helpe her, nor pittie us ?
 Is justice fled from heaven ? can that permit
 A soule deformed ravisher to sit
 Vpon her Virgin cheek, and pull from thence
 The Rose-buds in their maiden excellence ?
 To spread cold palenesse on her lips, and chase
 The frighted Rubies from their native place ?
 To lick up with his searching flames, a flood
 Of dissoly'd Corall, flowing in her blood ;
 And with the dampes of his infectious breath,
 Print on her brow moyst characters of death ?
 Must the cleare light, 'gainst course of nature cease
 In her faire eyes, and yet the flames encrease ?
 Must feavers shake this goodly tree, and all
 That ripened fruit from the faire branches fall,
 Which Princes have desir'd to taste ? must she
 Who hath preserv'd her spotlesse chastitie
 From all solicitation, now at last
 By Agues, and diseases be embrast ?
 Forbid it holy *Dian* ; else who shall
 Pay vowes, or let one graine of Incense fall

On thy neglected Altars, if thou blesse
 No better this thy zealous Votaresse ?
 Hasten then, O maiden Goddess, to her ayde,
 Let on thy quiver her pale cheek be layd;
 And rock her fainting body in thine armes;
 Then let the God of Musick, with still charmes,
 Her restless eyes in peacefull slumbers close,
 And with soft strains sweeten her calme repose.
Cupid descend; and whilst *Apollo* sings,
 Fanning the coole ayre with thy panting wings,
 Ever supply her with refreshing wind;
 Let thy faire mother, with her tresses bind
 Her labouring temples, with whose balmie sweat,
 She shall perfume her haire Coronet,
 Whose precious drops, shall upon every fold
 Hang, like rich Pearles about a wreath of gold:
 Her looser locks, as they unbraded lye,
 Shall spread themselves into a Canopie:
 Under whose shadow let her rest secure
 From chilling cold, or burning Calenture;
 Vnlesse she freeze with yce of chaste desires,
 Or holy Hymen kindle nuptiall fires.
 And when at last Death comes to pierce her heart,
 Convey into his hand thy golden darr.

*A New-yeares Sacrifice.
To Lucinda.*

THose that can give, open their hands this day,
 Those that cannot, yet hold them up to pray;
 That health may crowne the seasons of this yeare,
 And mirth daunce round the circle, that no teare
 (Vlesse of joy) may with its brinie dew,
 Discolour on your cheek the roffe hue;
 That no access of yeares presume to abate,
 Your beauties ever-flourishing estate:
 Such cheape, and vulgar wishes, I could lay
 As triviall offerings at your feet this day;
 But that it were Apostasie in me,
 To send a prayer to any Deitie
 But your divine selfe, who have power to give
 Those blessings unto others, such as live
 Like me, by the sole influence of your eyes,
 Whose faire aspects governe our destinies.

Such Incense, vowes, and holy rites, as were
To the involved Serpent of the yeare,

Payd by Egyptian Priests, lay I before
 Lucinda's sacred shrine, whilst I adore
 Her beauteous eyes, and her pure Altars dresse
 With gums and spice of humble Thankfulnesse ;
 So may my Goddesse from her heaven, inspire
 My frozen bosome with a Delphique fire,
 And then the world shall by that glorious flame,
 Behold the blaze of thy immortall name,

F 4

Song

SONG.

To one who when I praised
my Mistris beaurie, said I
was blind.

W^Onder not though I am blind,

For you must bee

Darke in your eyes, or in your mind,

— If when you see

Her face, you prove not blind like me.

If the powerfull beames that flye

From her eye,

And those amorous sweets that lye

Scatter'd, in each neighbouring part,

Find a passage to your heart;

Then you'll confesse your mortall sight

Too weake for such a glorious light;

For if her graces you discover,

You grow like me a daz'd lover;

But if those beauties you not spy,

Then are you blinder farre then I.

SONG.

To my Mistris, I burning
in love.

I Burne, and cruell you, in ruaine
Hope to quench me with disdain;
If from your eyes, those sparkles came,
That have kindled all this flame,
What bootes it me, though now you throwde
Those fierce Comets in a cloude?
Since all the flames that I have felt,
Could your snow yet never melt,
Nor, can your snow (though you should take
Alpes into your bosome) shake
The heart of my enamour'd heart;
But with wonder learne Loves art:
No seas of yet can coole desire,
Equall flames must quench Loves fire:
Then thinke not that my heart can dye,
Till yet burne as well as I.

Song

SONG.

To her againe, she burning
in a Feaver.

Now she burnes as well as I,
Yet my heat can never dye;
She burnes that never knew desire,
She that was yce, she that was fire.
Shee whose cold heart, chaste thoughts did arme
So, as Loves flames could never warme
The frozen bosome whereit dwelt,
She burnes, and all her beauties melt;
She burnes, and cries, Loves fires are milde;
Feavers are Gods, He's a childe.
Love; let her know the difference
Twixt the heat of soule, and sence.
Touch her with thy flames divine,
So shalt thou quench her fire, and mine.

Upon

Upon the Kings sicknesse.

Sicknesse, the minister of death, doth lay
 So strong a seige against our brittle clay,
 As whilst it doth our weake forts singly win,
 It hopes at length to take all man-kind in:
 First it begins upon the wombe to waite,
 And doth the unborne child there uncreate;
 Then rocks the cradle where the infant lyes,
 Where, ere it fully be alive, it dyes.
 It never leaves fond youth, untill it have
 Found, or an early, or a later grave.
 By thousand subtile sleights from heedlesse man,
 It cuts the short allowance of a span.
 And where both sober life, and Art combine
 To keepe it out, Age makes them both resign.
 Thus by degrees it onely gain'd of late,
 The weake, the aged, or intemperate;
 But now the Tyrant hath found out a way
 By which the sober, strong, and young, decay:
 Entering his royall limbes that is our head,
 Through us his mystique limbs the paine is spread,

That

That man that doth not feele his part, hath none
 In any part of his dominion;
 If he hold land, that earth is forfeited,
 And he unfit on any ground to tread.
 This griefe is felt at Court, where it doth move
 Through't every joynt, like the true soule of love.
 All those faire starres that doe attend on Him,
 Whence they deriv'd their light, wax pale and dim.
 That ruddie morning-beame of Majestie,
 Which should the Suns eclipsed light supply,
 Is overcast with mists, and in the lieu
 Of cherefull rayes, sends us downe drops of dew:
 That curious forme made of an earth refin'd,
 At whose blest birth, the gentle Planets shan'd
 With faire aspects, and sent a glorious flame
 To animate so beautifull a frame;
 That Darling of the Gods and men, doth weare
 A cloude on's brow, and in his eye a teare;
 And all the rest, (save when his dread command
 Doth bid them move,) like livelesse statues stand;
 So full a griefe, so generally worne
 Shewes a good King is sick, and good men mourne.

SONG.

To a Lady not yet enjoy'd
by her Husband.

Come Celia, fixe thine eyes on mine,
And through those Crystals our soules flitting;
Shall a pure wreath of eye-beanes twine,
Our loving hearts together knitting;
Let Eagles the bright Sun survey,
I though the blind Mole discern not day:

When cleere Aurora leaves her mate,
The light of her gray eyes dispiing,
Yet all the world doth celebrate
With sacrifice, her faire up-rising,
Let Eagles, &c.

A Dragon kept the golden fruit,
Yet be those dainties never tasted;
As others pin'd in the pursuit,
So he himselfe with plentie wastad:
Let Eagles, &c.

SONG.

The willing Prisoner to his
Mistress.

L Et fooles great Cupids yoa^ke disdain,
 Loving their owne wild freedome better;
 Whilst proud of my triumphant chaine
 I sit, and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murdering glances, snaring haire,
 And her bewitching smiles, so please me,
 As he brings ruine, that repaires
 The sweet afflictions that disease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow,
 With envious wayles, from my beholding;
 Unlock those lips, their pearly row,
 In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheels
 The reslesse Fate of every lover,
 Survey the paines, my sick heart feeler,
 And wounds themselves, have made discover.

*A flye that flew into my Mistris
her eye.*

WHen this Flye liv'd, she us'd to play
In the Sun-shine all the day;

Till comming neere my *Celia's* sight,

She found a new, and unknowne light

So full of glory, as it made

The noone day Sun a gloomy shade;

Then this amorous Flye became

My rivall, and did court my flame.

She did from hand to bosome skip,

And from her breath, her cheek, and lip,

Suckt all the incense, and the spice,

And grew a bird of Paradise:

At last into her eye she flew,

There scorcht in flames, and drown'd in dew:

Like *Rhaeton* from the Sun's spheare

She fell, and with her dropt a teare:

Of which a pearle was straight compos'd,

Wherein her ashes lye enclos'd.

Thus she receiv'd from *Celia's* eye,

Funegrall flame, tombe Obsequie.

SONG.

Celia singing.

HArke how my Celia, with the choyce
 Musique of her hand and voyce
 Stills the loude wind; and makes the wilde
 Incensed Bore, and Panther milde!
 Marke how those statues like men move;
 Whilst men with wonder statues prove!
 This stiffe rock bends to worship her,
 That Idoll turnes Idolater.

Now see how all the new inspir'd
 Images, with love are fir'd!
 Marke how the tender Marble grones,
 And all the late transformed stones,
 Court the faire Nymph with many a tear,
 Which she (more stony then they were)
 Beholds with unrelenting mind;
 Whilst they amaz'd to see combin'd
 Such marblesse beantie, with disdain,
 Are all turn'd into stones againe.

SONG.

Celia singing.

Y On that thinke Love can convey,
 No other way,
 But through the eyes, into the heart,
 His fatall Dart:
 Close up those casements, and but heare
 This Syren sing;
 And on the wing
 Of her sweet voyce, it shall appeare
 That Love can enter at the eare:

Then unvaile your eyes, behold
 The curious mould
 Where that voyce dwels, and as we know,
 When the Cocks crow,
 We freely may
 Gaze on the day;
 So may you, when the Musique's done
 awake and see the rising Sun;

F

Song

SONG.

To one that desired to know
my Mistris.

Seeke not to know my love, for shee
Hath vow'd her constant faith to me;
Her milde aspects are mine, and thou
Shalt only find a stormy brow:

For if her beautie stirre desire
In me, her kisses quench the fire.

Or, I can to Love's fountaine goe,
Or dwell upon her hills of snow.

But when thou burn'st, she shall not spare
One gentle breath to coole the ayre.

Thou shalt not climbe those Alpes, nor spye
Where the sweet springs of Venus lye;

Search hidden Nature, and there find
A treasure to enrich thy mind;

Discover Arts not yet reveal'd,
But let my Mistris live conceal'd;

Though men by knowledge wiser grow,
Yet here 'tis wisdom not to know.

*In the person of a Lady to her
inconstant servant.*

WHEN on the Altar of my hand,
 (Bedew'd with many a kisse, and teare ;)
 Thy now revolted heart, did stand
 An humble Martyr, thoudidst sweare
 Thus: (and the God of love did heare,)
 By those bright glances of thine eye,
 Vnlesse thou pittie me, I dye.

When first those perjurd lips of thine,
 Bepal'd with blasting sighes, did seale
 Their violated faith on mine,
 From the soft bosome that did heale
 Thee, thou my melting heart didst steale ;
 My soule enflam'd with thy false breath,
 Poyson'd with kisses, suckt in death.

Yet I nor hand, nor lip will move,
 Revenge, or mercy, to procure
 From the offended God of love;
 My curse is fatall, and my pure
 Love, shall beyond thy scorne endure:
 If I implore the Gods, they'le find
 Thee too ingratefull, me too kind.

Truce

Truce in Love entreated.

NO more, blind God, for see my heart
 Is made thy Quiver, where remains
 No voyd place for another Dart ;
 And alas ! that conquest gaines
 Small praise, that only brings away
 A tame and unresisting prey.

Behold a nobler foe, all arm'd,
 Defies thy weake Artillerie,
 That hath thy Bow and Quiver charm'd ;
 A rebell beautie, conquering Thee !
 If thou dar'st equall combat try,
 Wound her, for 'tis for her I dye.

F 3
To

To my Rivall.

Hence vaine intruder, hast away,
 Wash not with thy unhallowed brine
 The foot-steps of my *Celia's* shrine;
 Nor on her purer Altars lay
 Thy empty words, accents that may
 Some looser Dame to love encline;
 She must have offerings more divine;
 Such pearlie drops, as youthfull *May*,
 Scatters before the rising day;
 Such smooth soft language, as each line
 Might stroake an angry God, or flay
 Joves thunder, make the hearers pine
 With envie; doe this, thou shalt be
 Servant to her, Rivall with me.

Bold.

Boldnesse in love.

MArke how the bashfull morne, in vaine
 Courts the amorous Marigold,
 With sighing blasts, and weeping raine;
 Yet she refuses to unfold,
 But when the Planet of the day,
 Approacheth with his powerfull ray,
 Then she spreads, then she receives
 His warmer beames into her virgin leaves,
 So shalt thou thrive in love, fond Boy;
 If thy teares, and sighes discover
 Thy griefe, thou never shalt enjoy
 The just reward of a bold lover:
 But when with moving accents, thou
 Shalt constant faith, and service vow,
 Thy *Celia* shall receive those charmes
 With open eares, and with unfolded armes.

A Pastorall Dialogue.

Celia. Cleon.

AS *Celia* rested in the shade
 With *Cleon* by her side ;
 The swaine thus courted the young Maid,
 And thus the Nymph replide.

CL.

Sweet I let thy captive, fetters weare
 Made of thine armes, and hands ;
 Till such as thraldome scorne, or feare,
 envie those happy bands.

CE.

Then thus my willing armes I winde
 About thee, and am so
 Thy prisoner; for my selfe I bind,
 Vntill I let thee goe.

CL.

Happy that slave, whom the faire foe
 Tyes in so soft a chaine.

CE. Farre happier I, but that I know
 Thou wilt breake loose againe.

C L.

By thy immortall beauties never.

C E. Fraile as thy love's thine oath.

C L. Though beautie fade, my faith lasts ever.

C E. Time will destroy them both.

C L.

I dote not on thy snow-white skin.

C E. What then? C L. Thy purer mind.

C E. It lov'd too soone. C L. Thou hadst not bin
so faire, if not so kind.

C E.

Oh strange vaine fancie! C L. But yet true.

C E. Prove it. C L. Then make a brade

Of those loose flames, that circle you,

My sunnes, and yet your shade.

C E.

'Tis done. C L. Now give it me. C E. Thus thou

shalt thine owne error find,

If these were beauties, I am now

Lesse faire, because more kind.

You

C L.

You shall confesse you erre ; that haire
 shall it not change the hue,
 Or leave the golden mountaine bare ?

C E. Aye me ! it is too true.

C L.

But this small wreath, shall ever stay
 In its first native prime,
 And smiling when the rest decay,
 The triumphs sing of time.

C E.

Then let me cut from thy faire grove,
 One branch, and let that be
 An embleme of eternall love,
 For such is mine to thee.

C L.

Thus are we both redeem'd from time,
 I by thy grace, C L. And I
 Shall live in thy immortall rime,
Untill the Muses dye.

C L.

By heaven! C E. Swear not ; if I must weepe,

Jove shall not smile at me ;

This kisse, my heart, and thy faith keepe.

C L: This breathes my soule to thee.

Then forth the thicket *Thirsis* rusht,

Where he saw all their play :

The swaine stood still, and smil'd, and blusht,

The Nymph fled fast away.

Griefe

Griefe ingroft.

Wherefore doe thy sad mimbers flow
So full of woe ?

Why dost thou melt in such soft straines,
Whilst she disdaineth ?

If she must still denie,
Weepe not, but dye :
And in thy Funerall fire,
Shall all her fame expire.

Thus both shall perish, and as thou on thy Hearse
Shall want her teares, so she shall want thy Verse ;

Repine not then at thy blest state :

Thou art above thy fate ;

But my faire *Celia* will not give

Love enough to make me live ;

Nor yet dart from her eye

Scorne enough to make me dye.

Then let me weepe alone, till her kind breath,

Or blow my teares away, or speake my death.

A Pastorall Dialogue.

Shepherd. Nymph. Chorus.

Shep. This mossie bank they pre st Ny. That aged Oak
Did canopie the happy payre
All night / from the danke ayre. *dambe*

Cho. Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day breaking, their embraces broke.

Shep.

See love, the bluthes of the morne appeare,
And now she hangs her pearlie store
(Rob'd from the Easterne shore)
Yth' Coussips bell, and Roses rare:
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nymph.

Those streakes of doubtfull light, usher not day;
But shew my sunne must set; no Morne
Shall shine till thou returne,
The yellow Planets, and the gray
Dawne, shall attend thee on thy way: ||

Shep.

Shep.

If thine eyes guild my pathes, they may forbear
 Their uselesse shine. *Nymph.* My teares will quite
 Extinguish their faint light.

She. Those drops will make their beames more cleare,
 Loves flames will shine in every teare.

Cho.

They kist, and wept, and from their lips, and eyes,
 In a mixt dew, of brinie sweet,
 Their joyes, and sorrowes meet,
 But she cries out. *Nymp.* Shepherd arise;
 The Sun betrayes us else to spies.

Shep.

The winged houres flye fast, whilst we embrace;
 But when we want their help to meet,
 They move with leaden feet.

Nym. Then let us pinion *Time*, and chase
 The day for ever from this place.

Shep.

Hark! *Ny.* Aye me stay! *She.* For ever. *Ny.* No, arise,
 Wee must be gone. *Shep.* My nest of spice.
Nymph. My soule. *Shep.* my Paradise.

Cho. Neither could say farewell, but through their eyes
 Griefe, interrupted speech with teares supplies.

Red

Red, and white Roses.

REade in these Roses, the sad story
Of my hard fate, and your owne glory :

• In the White you may discover

The palenesse of a fainting lover :

In the Red, the flames still feeding

On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.

The White will tell you how I languish,

And the Red expresse my anguish.

The white my innocence displaying,

The Red my martyrdom betraying.

The frownes that on your brow resided,

Have those Roses thus divided,

Oh let your smiles but cleare the weather,

And then they both shall grow together.

To

*To my Cousin (C.R.) marry-
ing my Lady (A.)*

H Appy Youth, that shalt possesse
Such a spring-tyde of delight,

As the sated Appetite

Shall enjoying such excesse,

With the flood of pleasure lesse

When the Hymeneall Rite

Is perform'd, invoke the night,

That it may in shadowes dresse

Thy too reall happinesse;

Else (as *Semele*) the bright

Deitie in her full might,

May thy feeble soule oppresse.

Strong perfumes, and glaring light,

Oft destroy both smell, and sight.

*A Lover upon an Accident necessitating his departure,
consults with Reason.*

LOVER.

WEEPE not, nor backward turne your beames
Fond eyes, sad sighes locke in your breath,
Left on this wind, or in those streames
My griev'd soule flye, or sayle to death.
Fortune destroys me if I stay,
Love kills me if I goe away:
Since Love, and Fortune, both are blind,
Come Reason, and resolve my doubtfull mind.

REASON.

Flye, and blind Fortune be thy guide,
And 'gainst the blinder God rebell,
Thy love-sick heart shall not reside
Where scorne, and selfe-will'd error dwell,
Where entrance, vnto Truth is bar'd;
Where Love and Faith find no reward;
For, my just hand may sometime moye
The wheele of Fortune, not the sphere of Love,

Parting, Celia weepes.

WEepe not (my deare) for I shall goe
 Loaden enough with mine owne woe ;
 Adde not thy heavinesse to mine,
 Since Fate our pleasures must dis-joyne,
 Why should our sorrowes meet? if I
 Must goe, and lose thy company,
 I wish not theirs; it shall relieve
 My griefe, to thinke thou dost not grieve,
 Yet grieve, and weepe, that I may beare
 Every sigh, and every teare
 Away with me, so shall thy brest
 And eyes discharg'd, enjoy their rest,
 And it will glad my heart to see,
 Thou wet't thus loath to part with mee.

A Rapture.

I Will enjoy thee now my *Celia*, come
 And flye with me to Loves Elizium:
 The Gyant, Honour, that keepes cōwards out,
 Is but a Masquer, and the servile rout
 Of baser subjects onely, bend in vaine
 To the vast Idoll, whilst the nobler traine
 Of valiant souldiers, daily sayle betweene
 The huge Collofies legs, and passe unseene
 Vnto the blisfull shore; be bold, and wise,
 And we shall enter, the grim Swisse denies
 Only to tame fooles a passage, that not know
 He is but forme, and onely frights in show
 The duller eyes that looke from farre; draw neere,
 And thou shalt scorne, what we were wont to feare.
 We shall see how the stalking Pageant goes
 With borrowed legs, a heauie load to those
 That made, and beare him; nor as we once thought
 The seed of Gods, but a weake modell wrought
 By greedy men, that seeke to enclose the common,
 And within private armes empale free woman.

Come then, and mounted on the wings of love

Wee'll cut the flitting ayre, and soare above

The Monsters head, and in the noblest seats
 Of those blest shades, quench, and renew our hearts.
 There, shall the Queens of Love, and Innocence,
 Beautie and Nature, banish all offence
 From our close Ivy twines, there I'll behold
 Thy bared snow, and thy unbraded gold.
 There, my enfranchiz'd hand, on every side
 Shall o're thy naked polish'd Ivory slide.
 No curtaine there, though of transparant lawne,
 Shall be before thy virgin-treasure drawne ;
 But the rich Mine, to the enquiring eye
 Expos'd, shall ready still for mintage lye,
 And we will coyne young *Cupids*. There, a bed
 Of Roses, and fresh Myrtles, shall be spread
 Under the cooler shade of Cypresse groves :
 Our pillowes, of the downe of *Venus* Doves,
 Whereon our panting limbs wee'll gently lay
 In the faint respites of our active play ;
 That so our slumbers, may in dreames have leisure,
 To tell the nimble fancie our past pleasure ;
 And so our soules that cannot be embrac'd,
 Shall the embraces of our bodies taste.
 Meane while the bubbling fireame shall court the shore,
 Th'enamoured, chirping Wood-quize shall adore

In varied tunes the Deitie of Love;
 The gentle blasts of Westerne winds, shall move
 The trembling leaves, & through their close bows breath
 Still Musick, whilst we rest our selves beneath
 Their dancing shade; till a soft murmure, sent
 From soules entranc'd in amorous languishment
 Rowze us, and shoot into our veines fresh fire,
 Till we, in their sweet extasie expire.

Then, as the empty Bee, that lately bore,
 Into the common treasure, all her store,
 Flies 'bout the painted field with nimble wing,
 Desflowring the fresh virgins of the Spring.
 So will I riddle all the sweets, that dwell
 In my delicious Paradise, and swell
 My bagge with honey, drawne forth by the power
 Of fervent kisses, from each spicie flower.
 I'll seize the Rose-buds in their perfum'd bed,
 The Violet knots, like curious Mazes spread
 O're all the Garden, taste the ripned Cherry,
 The warme, firme Apple, tipt with corall berry:
 Then will I visit, with a wandring kisse,
 The vale of Lillies, and the Bower of blisse:
 And where the beauteous Region doth divide
 Into two milkie wayes, my lips shall slide

Downe those smooth Allies, wearing as I goe
 A tract for lovers on the printed snow;
 Thence climbing o're the swelling *Appenine*,
 Retire into thy grove of *Eglantine*;
 Where I will all those ravisht sweets distill
 Through Loves *Alimbique*, and with *Chimmique* skill
 From the mixt masse, one soveraigne Balme derive,
 Then bring that great *Elixar* to thy hive.

Now in more subtile wreathes I will entwine:
 My sinowie thighes, my legs and armes with thine;
 Thou like a sea of milke shalt lye display'd,
 Whilst I the smooth, calme Ocean, invade
 With such a tempest, as when *Jove* of old
 Fell downe on *Danae* in a storme of gold:
 Yet my tall Pine, shall in the *Cyprian* straight
 Ride safe at Anchor, and unlade her freight:
 My Rudder, with thy bold hand, like a tryde,
 And skilfull Pilot, thou shalt steere, and guide
 My Bark into Loves channell, where it shall
 Dance, as the bounding waves doe rise or fall:
 Then shall thy circling armes, embrace and clip
 My willing bodie, and thy balmie lip
 Bathe me in juyce of kisses, whose perfume
 Like a religious incense shall consume,

And send up holy vapours, to those powres
That blesse our loves, and crowne our sportfull houres,
That with such Halcion calmenesse, fix our soules
In steadfast peace, as no affright controules.

There, no rude Tounds shake us with sudden starts,
No jealous cares, when we unrip our hearts
Sucke our discourse in, no observing spies
This blush, that glance traduce; no envious eyes
Watch our close meetings, nor are we betrayd
To Rivals, by the bribed chamber-maid.

No wedlock bonds unwreath our twisted loves;
We seeke no midnight Arbor, no darke groves
To hide our kisses, there, the hated name
Of husband, wife, lust, modest, chaste, or shame,
Are vaine and empty words, whose very sound
Was never heard in the Elizian ground.

All things are lawfull there, that may delight
Nature, or unrestrained Appetite;
Like, and enjoy, to will, and act, is one,
We only sinne when Loves rites are not done.

The Roman *Lucrece* there, reads the divine
Lectures of Loves great master, *Aretine*,
And knowes as well as *Lais*, how to move
Her plyant body in the act of love.

To quench the burning Ravisher, she hurles
 Her limbs into a thousand winding curles,
 And studies artfull postures, such as be
 Caru'd on the barke of every neighbouring tree
 By learned hands, that so adorn'd the rinde,
 Of those faire Plants, which as they lay entwinde,
 Have fann'd their glowing fires. The Grecian Dame,
 That in her endlesse webb, toyl'd for a name
 As fruitlesse as her worke, doth there display
 Her selfe before the Youth of *Ithaca*,
 And th'amorous sport of gamesome nights prefer,
 Before dull dreames of the lost Traveller.
Daphne hath broke her barke, and that swift foot,
 Which th'angry Gods had fastned with a root
 To the fixt earth, doth now unsetter'd run,
 To meet th'embraces of the youthfull Sun:
 She hangs upon him, like his Delphique Lyre,
 Her kisses blow the old, and breath new fire:
 Full of her God, she sings inspired Layes,
 Sweet Odes of love, such as deserve the Bayes,
 Which she her selfe was. Next her, *Laura* lyes
 In *Petrarch's* learned armes, drying those eyes
 That did in such sweet smooth-pac'd numbers flow
 As made the world enamour'd of his woe.

These, and ten thousand Beauties more, that dy'de
 Slave to the Tyrant, now enlarg'd, deride
 His cancell'd lawes, and for their time mispent,
 Pay into Loves Exchequer doublerent.

Come then my *Celia*, wee'le no more forbear
 To taste our joyes, struck with a Pannique feare,
 But will depose from his imperious sway
 This proud *Usurper* and walke free, as they
 With necks unyoak'd; nor is it just that Hee
 Should fetter your soft sex with Chastitie,
 Which Nature made unapt for abstinence;
 When yet this false Impostor can dispencc
 With humane Justice, and with sacred right,
 And maugre both their lawes command me fight
 With Rivals, or with emulous Loves, that dare
 Equall with thine, their *Mistresse* eyes, or haire:
 If thou complaine of wrong, and call my sword
 To carve out thy revenge, upon that word
 He bids me fight and kill, or else he brands
 With markes of infamie my coward hands,
 And yet religion bids from blood-shed flye,
 And damns me for that Act. Then tell me why
 This Goblin Honour which the world adores,
 Should make men Atheists, and not women Whores.

*Epitaph on the Lady
Mary Villers.*

THe Lady *Mary Villers* lyes
 Vnder this stone; with weeping eyes
 The Parents that first gave her birth,
 And their sad Friends, lay'd her in earth :
 If any of them (Reader) were
 Knowne unto thee, shed a teare,
 Or if thyselfe possesse a gemme,
 As deare to thee, as this to them;
 Though a stranger to this place,
 Bewayle in theirs, thine owne hard case;
 For thou perhaps at thy returne
 Mayest find thy Darling in an Urne.

An

An other.

THe purest Soule that e're was sent
 Into a clayie renement
 Inform'd this dust, but the weake mold
 Could the great guest no longer hold,
 The substance was too pure, the flame
 Too glorious that thither came,
 Ten thousand *Cupids* brought along
 A Grace on each wing, that did throng
 For place there, till they all opprest
 The seat in which they sought to rest;
 So the faire Modell broke, for want
 Of roome to lodge th^r Inhabitant.

An

An other.

THis little Vault, this narrow roome,
Of Love, and Beantie is the tombe,
 The dawning beame that 'ganto cleare
 Our clouded skie, lyes darkned here,
 For ever set to us, by death
 Sent to enflame the world beneath;
 'Twas but a bud, yet did containe
 More sweetnesse then shall spring againe,
 A budding starre that might have growne
 Into a Sun, when it had blowne.
 This hopefull beantie, did create
 New life in Loves declining state;
 But now his Empire ends, and we
 From fire, and wounding darts are free:
 His brand, his bow, let no man feare,
 The flames, the arrowes, all lye here.

Epitaph

*Epitaph on the Lady S.
Wife to Sir W.S.*

THe harmonie of colours, features, grace,
Resulting Ayres (the magique of a face)
Of muscicall sweet tunes, all which combin'd
To this darke Vault. She was a Cabinet
Where all the choysest stones of price were set;
Whose naivie colours, and purest lustre, lent
Her eye, cheeke, lip, a dazling ornament,
Whose rare and hidden vertues, did expresse
Her inward beauties, and minds fairer dresse;
The constant Diamond, the wise Chrysolite,
The devout Saphyre, Emtrauld apt to write
Records of Memorie, cherefull Agar, grave
And serious Onix, Topaze that doth save
The braines calme temper, wittie Amethyst,
This precious Quartie, or what els the list
On Aarons Ephod planted, had, she wore;
One onely Pearle was wanting to her store;
Which in her Saviours booke she found exprest,
To purchase that, she sold Death all the rest.

*Maria Wentworth. Thomæ
Comitis Cleveland, filia præ-
mortuæ prima Virginiam
animam exhaluit.*

An. Dom. Æt. sue.

And here the precious dust is layd ;
Whose purely-temper'd Clay was made
So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

Else the soule grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sinne,
And so was hatch'd a Cherubin.

In heighth, it soar'd to God above ;
In depth, it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to generall love.

Before, a pious dutie shind
To Parents, courtesie behind,
On either side an equall mind,

Good to the Poore, to kindred deare,
 To servants kind, to friendship cleare,
 To nothing but her selfe, severe.

So though a Virgin, yet a Bride
 To every Grace, she justifi'd
 A chaste Poligamie, and dy'd.

Learne from hence (Reader) what small trust
 We owe this world, where vertue must
 Fraile as our flesh, crumble to dust.

On

On the Duke of Buckingham.

Beatissimis Manibus charis-
simi viri Ill^{ma} Conjunx sic
Parentavit.

WHen in the brazen leaves of Fame,
 The life, the death, of *Buckingham*
 Shall be recorded, if Truth's hand
 Incize the story of our Land,
 Posteritie shall see a faire
 Structure, by the studious care
 Of two Kings rays'd, that no lesse
 Their wisdom, than their Power expresse;
 By blinded zeale (whose doubtfull light)
 Made murders scarlet robe seeme white,
 Whose vain-deluding phantosmes charm'd
 A clouded sullen soule, and arm'd
 A desperate hand, thirstie of blood)
 Torne from the faire earth where it stood;
 So the majestique fabrique fell,
 His Actions let our Annals tell;

Wee write no Chronicle; This Pile
 Weares onely sorrowes face and stile,
 Which, even the envie that did waite
 Vpon his flourishing estate,
 Turn'd to soft pittie of his death,
 Now payes his Hearse; but that cheape breath
 Shall not blow here, nor th'unpure brine
 Ruddle those streames that bathe this shrine.

These are the pious Obsequies,
 Drop'd from his chaste Wifes pregnant eyes
 In frequent showres, and were alone
 By her congealing sighes made stone,
 On which the Carver did bestow
 These formes and Characters of woe;
 So he the fashion onely lent,
 Whilst she wept all this Monument.

H

An

An other.

*Siste Hospes sine Indigena sine
Advena vicissitudinis rerum
memor pauca pellege.*

REader, when these dumbe stones have told
In borrowed speech, what Guest they hold;
Thou shalt confesse, the vaine pursuit
Of humane Glory yeelds no fruit,
But an untimely Grave. If Fate
Could constant happinesse create,
Her Ministers, Fortune and Worth,
Had here that myracle brought forth;
They fix'd this childe of Honour, where
No room was left for Hope, or Feare,
Of more, or lesse: so high, so great
His growth was, yet so safe his seat.
Safe in the circle of his Friends:
Safe in his Loyall heart, and ends:
Safe in his native valiant spirit:
By favour safe, and safe by merit;

Safe by the stamp of Nature, which
 Did strength, with shape and Grace enrich:
 Safe in the cheerefull Curtesies
 Of flowing gestures, speech, and eyes:
 Safe in his Bounties, which were more
 Proportion'd to his mind then store;
 Yet, though for vertue he becomes
 Involv'd Himselfe in borrowed summes;
 Safe in his care, he leaves betray'd
 No friend engag'd, no debt unpay'd.

But though the startes conspire to shew
 Vpon one Head th'united power
 Of all their Graces, if their dire
 Aspects, must other breasts inspire
 With vicious thoughts, a Murderers knife
 May cut (as here) their Darlings life,
 Who can be happy then, if Nature must
 To make one Happy man, make all men just?

H 2

Fower

Foure Songs by way of *Chorus* to a play, at an entertainment
of the King and Queene, by my
Lord Chamberlaine;
The first of *Jealousie*. Dialogue.

Question

From whence was first this furie kind,
This Jealousie into the world?

Came she from Hell? Ans. No there doth raigne
Eternall hatred, with disdain,
But she the Daughter is of Love,
Sister of Beauty. Reply. Then above
She must derive from the third spheres
Her heavenly Off-spring. Ans. Neither there
From those immortall flames, could she
Draw her cold frozen Pedigree.

Quest. If not from heauen nor hell, where then
Had she her birth? An. I' th' hearts of men,
Beauty, and Feare did her create,
Younger then Love, Elder then Hate,
Sister to both, by Beauties side
To love, by Feare to Hate ally'd:
Despyre her issue is, whose race
Of fruitfull mischiefs drownes the space

Of the wide earth in a swolne flood,
Of wrath, revenge, spight, rage, and blood.

Quest. Oh how can such a spurious line
Proceed from Parents so divine?

Ans. As streames, which from their Crystall spring
Doe sweet and cleare their waters bring,
Yet mingling with the brackish maine,
Nor taste, nor colour they retaine.

Qu. Yet Rivers' mixt their owne bankes flom
Still fresh, can jealousy doe so?

An. Yes, whilst shee keepes the stedfast ground
Of Hope, and Feare, her equall bound;
Hope sprung from favour, worth, or chance,
Toward the faire object doth advance;
Whilst Feare, as watchfull Sentinell
Doth the invading Foe repell;
And Jealousie thus mixt, doth prove
The season, and the salt of love:
But when Feare takes a larger scope,
Stifling the child of Reason, Hope,
Then sitting on the usurped throne,
She like a Tyrant rules alone,
As the wilde Ocean unconfin'de,
And raging as the Northern-winde.

2.

Feminine Honour.

IN what esteeme did the Gods hold
 Faire Innocence, and the chaste bed,
 When scandall'd vertue might be bold
 Bare-foot, upon sharpe Cultures, spread
 O're burning coles to march, yet feele
 Nor scorching fire, nor piercing Steele?

Why, when the hard edg'd Iron did turne
 Soft as a bed of Roses blowne,
 When cruell flames forgot to burne
 Their chaste pure limbes, should man alone
 'Gainst female Innocence conspire,
 Harder then Steele, fiercer then fire?

Oh haplesse sex! Vnequall sway
 Of partiall Honour! Who may know
 Rebels from subjects that obey,
 When malice can on vestals throw
 Disgrace, and Fame fixe high repure
 On the close blamelesse Prostitute?

Vaine Honour ! thou art but disguise
 A cheating voyce, a juggling art,
 No judge of vertue, whose pure eyes
 Court her owne Image in the heart,
 More pleas'd with her true figure there,
 Then her false Eccho in the eare.

3.

Separation of Lovers.

STop the chafed Bore, or play
 With the Lyons paw, yet feare
 From the Lovers side to teare
 Th'Idoll of his soule away.

Though Love enter by the sight
 To the heart, it doth not flye
 From the mind, when from the eye
 The faire objects take their flight.

But since want provokes desire,
 When we lose what wee before
 Have enjoy'd, as we want more,
 So is Love more set on fire,

Love doth with an hungrie eye
 Glut on Beautie, and you may
 Safer snatch the Tygers prey
 Then his vitall food deny.

Yet though absence for a space,
 Sharpen the keene Appetite,
 Long continuance, doth quite
 All Loves characters efface.

For the sense not fed, denies
 Nourishment unto the minde,
 Which with expectation pinde,
 Love of a consumption dyes.

4.

Incommunicabilitie of Love

Quest. By what power was Love confinde
 To one object? who can binde,
 Or fixe a limit to the free-borne minde?

An. Nature; for as bodies may
 Move at once but in one way,
 So nor can mindes to more then one love stray.

Reply.

Reply. Yet I feele a double smart

Loves twinn'd-flame, his forked dart.

An. Then hast wilde lust, not love possesst thy heart.

Qu. Whence springs love? An. From beauty. Qu. Why

Should it effect not multiply

As fast i'th' heart, as doth the cause i'th' eye?

An. When two Beauties equall are,

Sense preferring neither fayre,

Desire stands still, distracted' twixt the paire.

So in equall distance lay

Two fayre Lambes in the Wolfe's way;

The hungry beast will serve e're chuse his prey.]

But where one is chiefe, the rest

Cease, and that's alone possesst

Without a Rivall Monarch of the breast.

Songs

Songs in the Play.

A Lover in the disguise of
an Amazon, is dearly beloved
of his Mistresse.

CEase thou afflicted soule to mourne,
Whose love and faith are paid with scorne;
For I am starv'd that feele the blisses
Of deare embraces, smiles, and kisses
From my soules Idoll, yet complaine
Of equall love more then disdaine.

Cease, Beauties exile to lament
The frozen shades of banishment,
For I in that faire bosome dwell
That is my Paradise, and Hell;
Banisht at home, at once at ease
In the safe Port, and tost on Seas.

Cease in cold jealous feares to pine
Sad wretch, whom Rivals undermine;
For though I hold lockt in mine armes
My lifes sole joy, a Traytors charmes
Prevails, whilst I may onely blame
My selfe, that myne owne Rivall am.

A Lady rescued from death by a
Knight, who in the instant leaves her,
complaines thus.

OH whither is my fayre Sun fled,
Bearing his light, not heat away?
If thou repose in the moyst bed
Of the Sea-Queene, bring backe the day
To our darke clime, and thou shalt lye
Bath'd in the sea flowes from mine eye.

Upon what whirlewind didst thou ride
Hence, yet remaine fixt in my heart,
From me, and to mee, fled, and ty'd?
Darke riddles of the amorous art;
Love lent thee wings to flye, so Hec
Vnfeather'd, now must rest with mee.

Helpe, helpe, brave Youth, I burne, I bleed,
The cruell God with Bow and Brand
Pursues the life thy valour freed,
Disarme him with thy conquering hand;
And that thou mayest the wilde boy tame
Give me his dart, keepe Thou his flame.

TO BEN. JOHNSON.

Vpon occasion of his Ode of defiance annext to his Play of the new Inne.

TIs true (deare Ben:) thy just chastizing hand
 Hath fixt upon the sotted Age a brand
 To their swolne pride, and empty scribbling due,
 It can nor judge, nor write, and yet 'tis true
 Thy commique Muse from the exalted line
 Toucht by thy *Alchymist*, doth since decline
 From that her Zenith, and foretells a red
 And blushing evening, when she goes to bed,
 Yet such, as shall out-shine the glimmering light
 With which all stars shall guild the following night.
 Nor thinke it much (since all thy Eaglets may
 Endure the Sunnie tryall) if we say
 This hath the stronger wing, or that doth shine
 Trickt up in fairer plumes, since all are thine;
 Who hath his flock of cackling Geese compar'd
 With thy run'd quire of *Swans* ? or else who dar'd

To call thy births deformed? but if thou bind
 By Citie-custome, or by *Gavel-kind*,
 In equall shares thy love on all thy race,
 We may distinguish of their sexe, and place;
 Though one hand form them, & though one brain strike
 Soules into all, they are not all alike.
 Why should the follies then of this dullage
 Draw from thy Pen such an immodest rage
 As seemes to blast thy (else-immortall) Bayes,
 When thine owne tongue proclaimes thy ych of praise?
 Such thirst will argue drouth. No, let be hurld
 Vpon thy workes, by the detracting world,
 What malice can suggest; let the Rowre say,
 The running sands, that (ere thou make a play)
 Count the slow minutes, might a *Goodwin* frame
 To swallow when th' hast done thy ship-wrackt name.
 Let them the deare expence of oyle upbraid
 Suckt by thy watchfull Lampe, that hath betray'd
 To theft the blood of martyr'd Authors, spilt
 Into thy iake, whilst thou growest pale with guilt.
 Repine not at the Tapers thriftie waste,
 That sleeke thy terser Poems, nor is haste
 Prayse, but excuse; and if thou overcome
 A knottie writer, bring the bootie home;

Nor

Nor thinke it theft, if the rich spoyles so torne
 From conquered Authors, be as Trophies worne.
 Let others glut on the extorted praise
 Of vulgar breath, trust thou to after dayes:
 Thy labour'd workes shall live, when Time deuoures
 Th' abortive off-spring of their hastie houres.
 Thou art not of their ranke, the quarrell lyes
 Within thine owne Virge, then let this suffice,
 The wiser world doth greater Thee confesse
 Then all men else, then Thy selfe onely lesse.

An

An Hymeneall Dialogue Bride and Groome.

Groome, Tell me (my love) since Hymen ty'de
The holy knot, hast thou not felt
A new infused spirit slide
Into thy brest, whilst thine did melt ?

Bride. First tell me (sweet) whose words were those ?
For though the voyce your ayre did breake,
Yet did my soule the sence compose,
And through your lips my heart did speake.

Groo, Then I perceiue, when from the flame
Of love, my scorch'd soule did retire;
Your frozen heart in her place came,
And sweetly melted in that fire,

Bride. 'Tis true, for when that mutuall change
Of soules, was made with equall gaine;
I straight feele dissol'd a strange,
But gentle heat through every veine.

Chorus

Groom. Oh blest dis-union, that doth so
 Our bodyes from our soules divide,
 As two doe one, and one foure grow,
 Each by contraction multiply'de.

Bride. Thy bosome then I'll make my nest,
 Since there my willing soule doth pearch.

Groom. And for my heart in thy chaste brest,
 I'll make an everlasting search.

Chorus. Oh blest disunion, &c.

Obsequies

Obsequies to the Lady
 ANNE HAY.

I Heard the Virgins sigh, I saw the flecke
 And polisht Courtier, channell his fresh cheeks
 With reall teares; the new-betrothed Maid
 Smild not that day; the graver Senate layd
 Their businesse by; of all the Courtly throng,
 Griefe seald the heart, and silence bound the tongue;
 I that ne're more of private sorrow knew
 Then from my Pen some froward Mistresse drew,
 And for the publike woe, had my dull sense
 So fear'd with ever adverse influence,
 As the invaders sword might have, unfelt,
 Pierc'd my dead bosome, yet began to melt;
 Griefe's strong instinct, did to my blood suggest
 In the unknowne losse peculiar interest.
 But when I heard, the noble Castil's Gemme,
 The sayrest branch of Denny's ancient stemme
 Was from the Casket stolne, from this Trunke torne; *that*
 I found just cause, why they, why I should mourne.

But who shall guide my artlesse Pen, to draw
 Those blooming beauties, which I never saw ?
 How shall posteritie beleve my story,
 If I, her crowded graces, and the glory
 Due to her riper vertues, shall relate
 Without the knowledge of her mortall state ?
 Shall I, as once *Apeles*, here a feature,
 There scale a Grace, and rising so whole Nature
 Of all the sweets a learned eye can see,
 Figure one *Venus*, and say, such was shee ?
 Shall I her legend fill, with what of old
 Hath of the Worthies of her sex beene told,
 And what all pens, and times to all dispence,
 Restraine to her, by a prophetique sence ?
 Or shall I, to the Morall, and Divine
 Exactest lawes, shape by an even line,
 A life so straight, as it should shame the square
 Left in the rules of *Katherine*, or *Clare*,
 And call it hers, say, so did she begin,
 And had she liv'd, such had her progresse been ?
 These are dull wayes, by which base pens, for hire,
 Dawbe glorious vice, and from *Apollo's* quire
 Steale holy Dirryes, which prophanely they
 Vpon the herte of every strumpet lay,

We will not bathe thy corps with a forc'd reare,
 Nor shall thy traine borrow the blacks they weare:
 Such vulgar spice, and gums, embalme not thee,
 Thou art the Theame of Truth, not Poetrie.
 Thou shalt endure a tryall by thy Peeres,
 Virgins of equall birth, of equall yeares,
 Whose vertues, held with thine an emulous strife,
 Shall draw thy picture, and record thy life.
 One shall enspheare thine eyes, another shall
 Impearle thy teeth; a third, thy white and small
 Hand, shall besnow; a fourth, incarnadine
 Thy rose cheek, untill each beauteous line,
 Drawne by her hand, in whom that part excells,
 Meet in one Center, where all beaueie dwells.
 Others, in taske shall thy choyce vertues share,
 Some shall their birth, some their ripe growth declare,
 Though niggard *Time* left much unhach'd by deeds,
 They shall relate how thou hadst all the seeds
 Of every Vertue, which in the pursuit
 Of time, must have brought forth admired fruit,
 Thus shalt thou, from the mouth of envy, raise
 A glorious journall of thy thrifty dayes,
 Like a bright starre, shot from his spheare, whose race
 In a continued line of flames, we trace.

This, if survey'd, shall to thy view impart
 How little more then late, thou wert, thou art,
 This shall gaine credit with succeeding times,
 When nor by bribed pens, nor partiall times
 Of engag'd kindred, but the sacred truth
 Is storied by the partners of thy youth;
 Their breath shall Saint thee, and be this thy pride,
 Thus even by Rivals to be Deified.

To

*To the Countesse of Anglesie
upon the immoderately-by-ber-
lamented death of her
Husband.*

M Adam, men say you keepe with dropping eyes
Your sorrowes fresh, wat'ring the Rose that lyes
Fall'n from your cheeks upon your deare Lords Hearse;
Alas! those odors now no more can pierce
His cold pale nostrill, nor the crymson dye
Present a gracefull blush to his darke eye.
Thinke you that flood of pearly moysture hath
The vertue fabled of old ~~sons~~ bath.
You may your beauties, and your youth consume
Over his Vrine, and with your sighes perfume
The solitarie Vault, which as you grone
In hollow Ecchoes shall repeate your moane.
There you may wither, and an Autumne bring
Vpon your selfe, but not call back his spring.
Forbeare your fruitlesse griefe then, and let those
Whose love was doubted, gaine beliefe with shewes
To their suspected faith; you, whose whole life
In every act crown'd you a constant Wife,

May spare the practise of that vulgar trade,
 Which superstitious custome onely made;
 Rather a Widow now of wisdom prove
 The patterne, as a Wife you were of love:
 Yet since you surfet on your griefe, 'tis fit
 I tell the world, upon what cates you sit
 Glutting your sorrowes; and at once include
 His story, your excuse, my gratitude.
 You, that behold how yond' sad Lady blends
 Those ashes with her teares, lest, as she spends
 Her tributarie sighes, the frequent gust
 Might scatter up and downe the noble dust,
 Know when that heape of Atomes, was with bloud
 Kneaded to solid flesh, and firmly stood
 On stately Pillars, the rare forme might move
 The froward *Juno's*, or chaste *Cynthia's* love.
 In motion, active grace, in rest, a calme
 Attractive sweetnesse, brought both wound and balme
 To every heart. He was compos'd of all
 The wishes of ripe Virgins, when they call
 For Hymens rites, and in their fancies wed
 A shape of studied beauties to their bed.
 Within this curious Palace dwelt a soule
 Gave lustre to each part, and to the whole,

This dress'd his face in courteous smiles; and so
 From comely gestures, sweeter manners flow.
 This courage joyn'd to strength, so the hand, bent,
 Was valours, open'd, Bounties instrument
 Which did the scale, and sword, of Justice hold,
 Knew how to brandish Steele, and scatter gold.
 This taught him, not to engage his modest tongue
 In suites of private gaine, though publike wrong;
 Nor mis-employ (*As is the Great-mans use.*)
 His credit with his Master, to traduce,
 Deprave, maligne, and ruine Innocence
 In proud prevenge of some mis-judg'd offence.
 But all his actions had the noble end
 To advance desert, or grace some worthy friend.
 He chose not in the active streame to swim,
 Nor hunted Honour; which, yet hunted him.
 But like a quiet Eddie, that hath found
 Some hollow creeke, there turnes his waters round,
 And in continuall circles, dances free
 From the impetuous Torrent; so did hee
 Give others leave to turne the wheele of State,
 (*Whose restless motions spins the subjects fate*)
 Whilst he retir'd from the tumultuous noyse
 Of Court, and suitors presse; apart, enjoys

Freedome, and mirth, himselfe, his time, and friends,
 And with sweet relish tastes each houre he spends.
 I could remember how his noble heart
 First kindled at your beauties; with what Art
 He chas'd his game through all opposing feares,
 When I his sighes to you, and back your teares
 Convey'd to him, how loyall then, and how
 Constant he prov'd since to his mariage vow.
 So as his wandring eyes never drew in
 One lustfull thought to tempt his soule to sinne,
 But that I feare such mention rather may
 Kindle new griefe, than blow the old away.

Then let him rest joyn'd to great *Buckingham*,
 And with his brothers, mingle his bright flame,
 Looke up, and meet their beames, and you from thence
 May chance derive a chearfull influence,
 Seeke him no more in duff, but call agen
 Your scatterd beauties home, and so the pen
 Which now I take from this sad Elegie
 Shall sing the Trophies of your conquering eye.

An

*An Elegie upon the death of
Doctor Donne, Deane
of Pauls.*

CAN we not force from widowed Poetrie
Now thou art dead (Great *Donne*) one Elegie,
To crowne thy Hearse? Why yet did we not trust,
Though with unknotted drow-bak'd prose, thy dust,
Such as th'ancizard Lect'rer from the flower
Of fading Rhet'rique, short liv'd as his houre,
Drie as the sand that measures it, might lay
Vpon the ashes, on the Funerall day?
Have we no tune, nor voyce? didst thou dispence,
Through all our language both the words and sence?
'Tis a sad truth: The Pulpit may her plaine,
And sober Christian precepts still retaine,
Doctrines it may, and wholsome uses, frame,
Grave Homilies, and Lectures, but the flame
Of thy brave soule, that shot such heat, and light,
As burnt our Earth, and made our darknesse bright,
Committed holy rapes upon the will,
Did through the eye the melting heart distill.

And

And the deepe knowledge, of darke truths, so teach
 Absence might judge ^{what} fancy could not reach,
 Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire
 That fills with spirit and heate the Delphique Quire,
 Which kindled first by thy Promethean breath
 Glow'd here awhile, lyes quencht now in thy death.
 The Muses garden, with Pedantique weedes
 O're-spread, was purg'd by thee, the lazie seeds
 Of servile imitation throwne away,
 And fresh invention planted; thou did'st pay
 The debts of our penurious banquerout Age:
 Licentious thefts, that make poetique rage
 A mimique furie, when our soules must be
 Possess'd, or with *Anacreons* extasie,
 Or *Pindars*, not their owne, the subtle cheate
 Of flie exchanges, and the jugling seate
 Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong
 By ours was done the Greeke or Latine tongue,
 Thou hast redeem'd, and Opened us a Mine
 Of rich and pregnant fancie, drawne a line
 Of Masculine expression, which had good
 Old *Orpheus* seene, or all the ancient brood
 Our superstitious fooles admire, and hold
 Their Leade more precious then thy burnisht gold,

Thou

Thou hadst beene their Exchequer, and no more,
 They each in others dung had search'd for Ore.
 Thou shalt yeeld no precedence, but of Time,
 And the blind fate of Language, whose tun'd chime
 More charmes the outward sense; yet thou mayst claime
 From so great disadvantage, greater fame,
 Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
 Our troublesome language bends, made only fit
 With her tough thick-rib'd hoopes, to gird about
 Thy Gyant fancie, which had prov'd too stout
 For their soft melting phrases. As in time
 They had the start, so did they cull the prime
 Buds of invention many a hundred yeare,
 And left the rifled fields, besides the feare
 To touch their harvest, yet from those bare lands
 Of what was onely thine, thy onely hands
 (And that their smallest worke) have gleaned more
 Then all those times, and Tongues, could reape before.

But thou art gone, and thy strickt lawes will be,
 Too hard for Libertines in Poetrie,
 They will recall the goodly exil'd traine
 Of Gods, and Goddesses, which in thy just raigne
 Was banisht nobler Poemas; now, with these,
 The silenc'd tales i'th' Metamorphoses

Shall

Shall fluffe their lines, and swell the windie page
 Till verse refin'd by thee, in this last Age
 Turne Ballad-rime, or those old Idols be
 Ador'd againe with new Apostasie.

Oh pardon me that breake with untun'd Verse
 The reverend silence, that attends thy Hearse,
 Whose solemne, awfull Murmurs, were to thee
 More then these rude lines, a loude Elegie,
 That did proclaim in a dumbe Eloquence
 The death of all the Arts, whose influence
 Growne feeble, in these panting numbers lyes
 Gasping short-winded accents, and so dyes
 So doth the swiftly-turning wheele, not stand
 In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand,
 But some short time retaine a faint weake course,
 By vertue of the first impulsive force;
 And so, whilst I cast on thy funerall Pile,
 Thy crowne of Bayes, oh let it crack awhile
 And spit disdain, till the devouring flashes
 Suck all the moysture up, then turne to ashes,

I will not draw the envy, to engrosse
 All thy perfections, or weepe all the losse,
 Those are too numerous for one Elegie,
 And this too great to be express by me.

Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice,

Ion thy Grave this Epiraph incize.

\ Here lyes a King, that rul'd as he thought fit

The Vniverfall Monarchie of wit,

Here lyes two *Flamens*, and both those the best,

Apollo's first, at last the true God's Priest.

In

In answer of an Elegiacall Letter upon the death of the King of Sweden from Aurelian Townsend, inviting me to write on that subject.

WHy dost thou sound, my deare *Aurelian*,
 In so shrill accents, from thy *Barbican*,
 A loude allarum to my drowfie eyes,
 Bidding them wake in teares and Elegies
 For mightie *Swedens* fall? Alas! how may
 My Lyrique feet, that of the smooth soft way
 Of Love, and Beautie, onely know the tread,
 In dancing paces celebrate the dead
 Victorious King, or his Majesticke Hearse
 Prophane with th'humble touch of their low verse?
Virgil, nor *Eucan*, no, nor *Tasso* more
 Then both, nor *Donne*, worth all that went before,
 With the united labour of their wit
 Could a just Poem to this subject fit,
 His actions were too mighty to be rais'd
 Higher by Verse, let him in prose be pray'd,

In modest faithfull story, which his deedes
 Shall turne to Poems: when the next Age reades
 Of *Frankfort*, *Leipsigh*, *Worzburg*, of the *Rhynes*;
 The *Leck*, the *Danube*, *Tilly*, *Wallestein*,
Bavaria, *Bapenheim*, *Lutzenfeld*, where Hee
 Gain'd after death a posthume Victorie,
 They'le thinke his Acts things rather feign'd then done
 Like our Romances of the Knight o'th' Sun.
 Leave we him then to the grave Chronicler,
 Who though to Annals he can not refer
 Histoo-briefe storie, yet his Journals may
 Stand by the *Casars* yeares, and every day
 Cut into minutes, each, shall more containe
 Of great designement then an Emperours raignes;
 And (since 'twas but his Church-yard) let him have
 For his owne ashes now no narrower Grave
 Then the whole *German* Continents vast wombe,
 Whilst all her Cities doe but make his Tombe:
 Let us to supream providence commit
 The fate of Monarchs, which first thought it fit
 To rend the Empire from the *Austrian* graspe,
 And next from *Swedens*, even when he did claspe
 Within his dying armes the Soveraigntie
 Of all those Provinces, that men might see

The Divine wisdom would not leave that Land
 Subject to any one Kings sole command.
 Then let the Germans feare if *Cæsar* shall,
 Or the Vnited Princes, rise, and fall,
 But let us that in myrtle bowers sit
 Vnder secure shades, use the benefit
 Of peace and plenty, which the blessed hand
 Of our good King gives this obdurate Land,
 Let us of Revels sing, and let thy breath
 (Which fill'd Fames trumpet with *Gustavus* death,
 Blowing his name to heaven) gently inspire
 Thy past'ral pipe, till all our swaines admire
 Thy song and subject, whilst they both comprise
 The beauties of the *SHEPHERDS PARADISE*;
 For who like thee (whose loose discourse is farre
 More neat and polisht then our Poems are,
 Whose very gate's more gracefull then our dance)
 In sweetly-flowing numbers may advance
 The glorious night? When, not to act foule rapes,
 Like birds, or beasts, but in their Angel-shapes
 A troope of Deities came downe to guide
 Our steerelesse barkes in passions swelling tide
 By vertues Carde, and brought us from above
 A patterne of their owne celestially love,

Nor lay it in darke fullen precepts drown'd
 But with rich fancie, and cleare Action crown'd
 Through a misterious fable (that was drawne
 Like a transparant veyle of purest Lawne
 Before their dazelling beauties) the divine
Venus, did with her heavenly *Cupid* shine.
 The stories curious web, the Masculine stile ;
 The subtilsence, did Time and sleepe beguile,
 Pinnion'd and charm'd they stood to gaze upon
 Th' Angellike formes, gestures, and motion.
 To heare those ravishing sounds that did dispence
 Knowledge and pleasure, to the soule, and sense.
 It fill'd us with amazement to behold
 Love made all spirit, his corporeall mold
 Dissected into Atomes melt away
 To empty ayre, and from the grosse allay
 Of mixtures, and compounding Accidents
 Refin'd to immateriall Elements,
 But when the Queene of Beautie did inspire
 The ayre with perfumes, and our hearts with fire,
 Breathing from her celestiall Organ sweet
 Harmonious notes, our soules fell at her feet,
 And did with humble reverend dutie, more
 Her rare perfections, then high state adore,

These harmelesse pastimes let my *Townsend* sing
 To rurall tunes ; not that thy Muse wants wing
 To soare a loftier pitch, for she hath made
 A noble flight, and plac'd th' Heroique shade
 Above the reach of our faint flagging rymes;
 But these are subjects proper to our clyme.
 Tourneyes, Masques, Theaters, better become
 Our *Halcyon* dayes; what though the German Drum
 Bellow for freedom and revenge, the noyse
 Concernes not us, nor should divert our joyes;
 Nor ought the thunder of their Carabins
 Drowne the sweet Ayres of our sun'd Violins;
 Belceve me friend, if their prevailing powers
 Gaine them a calme securitie like ours,
 They'le hang their Armes up on the Olive bough,
 And dance, and revell then, as we doe now.

Vpon

Vpon Master W. Mountague
his retorne from
travell.

LEade the black Bull to slaughter, with the Bore
And Lambe, then purple with their mingled gore
The Oceans curled brow, that so we may
The Sea-Gods for their carefull waftage pay:
Send gratefull Incense up in pious smoake
To those mild spirits, that cast a curbing yoake
Vpon the stubborne winds, that calmelv blew
To the wisht shore, our long'd for Mountague.
Then whilst the Aromaticke odours burne,
In honour of their Darling's safe retorne;
The Muses Quire shall thus with voyce and haad,
Blesse the sayre Gale that drove his ship to land,

*Sweetly breathing Vernall Ayre,
That with kind warmth doest repayre
Winters ruines, from whose brest
All the gums, and spice of th' East
Borrow their perfumes, whose eye
Gilds the morne, and cleares the skie,*

Whose dishevel'd tresses shed
 Pearles upon the Violet bed,
 On whose brow with calme smiles drest
 The Halcions sits and builds her nest.
 Beautie, Youth, and endlesse Spring,
 Dwell upon thy rose wing.

Thou, if stormie Boreas throwes
 Downe whole Forrest when he blowes,
 With a pregnant flowery birth
 Canst refresh the teeming Earth;
 If he nip the early bud,
 If he blast what's faire or good;
 If he scatter our choyce flowers,
 If he shake our hills or bowers,
 If his rude breath threaten us,
 Thou canst stroake great *Æolus*,
 And from him the grace obtaine
 To binde him in an Iron chain.

Thus, whilst you deale your body 'mongst your friends,
 And fill their circling armes, my glad soule sends
 This her embrace: Thus we of *Delphos* greet
 As Lay-men claspe their hands, we joyne our feet.

To Master W. Mountague.

S I R, I arrest you at your Countreyes suit,
 Who as a debt to her, requires the fruit
 Of that rich stock ; which she by Natures hand
 Gave you in trust, to th' use of this whole Land.
 Next, she endites you of a Felonie,
 For stealing, what was her Proprietie.
 Your selfe from hence, so seeking to convey
 The publike treasure of the state away.
 More, y' are accus'd of Ostracisme, the Fate
 Impos'd of old by the Athenian state
 On eminent vertue, but that curse which they
 Cast on their men, You on your Countrey lay.
 For, thus divided from your noble parts
 This Kingdome lives in exile, and all hearts
 That relish worth, or honour, being rent
 From your perfections, suffer banishment:
 These are your publike injuries ; but I
 Have a just private quarrell to desire

And call you Coward, thus to run away
 When you had pierc'd my heart, not daring stay
 Till I redeem'd my honour; but I sweare
 By *Celia's* eyes, by the same force to teare
 Your heart from you, or not to end this strife
 Till I or find revenge, or lose my life.
 But as in single fights it oft hath beene
 In that unequall equall tryall scene,
 That he who had receiv'd the wrong at first,
 Came from the Combat oft too with the worst;
 So if you foyle me when we meet, I'll then
 Give you fayre leave to wound me so agen.

*On the Mariage of T.K. and
C.C. the morning
stormie.*

SVch should this day be, so the Sun should hide
His bashfull face, and let the conquering Bride
Without a Rivall shine, whilst He forbears
To mingle his unequall beames with hers;
Or if sometimes he glance his squinting eye
Betweene the parting cloudes, 'tis but to spye,
Not emulate her glories, so comes drest
In vayles, but as a Masquer to the feast,
Thus heaven should lower, such stormy gusts should blow
Not to denounce ungentle Fates, but shew
The cheerefull Bridegroom to the clouds and wind
Hath all his teares, and all his sighes assign'd.
Let Tempests struggle in the Ayre, but rest
Eternall calmes within thy peacefull brest.
Thrice happy Youth; but ever sacrifice
To that sayre hand that dry'de thy blubbred eyes,
That croud thy head with Roses, and turn'd all
The plagues of love into a cordiall,

When first it joyn'd her Virgin snow to thine,
 Which when to day the Priest shall recombine,
 From the misterious holy touch such charmes
 Will flow, as shall unlock her wreathed armes,
 And open a free passage to that fruit
 Which thou hast royl'd for with a long pursuit.
 But ere thou feed, that thou may'st better taste
 Thy present joyes, thinke on thy torments past.
 Thinke on the mercy freed thee, thinke upon
 Her vertues, graces, beauties, one by one,
 So shalt thou relish all, enjoy the whole
 Delights of her faire body, and pure soule.
 Then boldly to the fight of Love proceed,
 'Tis mercy not to pittie though she bleed,
 Wee'le strew no nuts, but change that ancient forme,
 For till to morrow wee'le proveogue this storme.
 Which shall confound with its loude whistling noyse
 Her pleasing shriekes, and fan thy panting joyes.

To

*For a Picture where a Queen
Laments over the Tombe
of a slaine Knight.*

BRave Youth; to whom Fate in one hower
Grave death, and Conquest, by whose power
Those chaines about my heart are wound,
With which the Foe my Kingdome bound,
Freed, and captiv'd by thee, I bring
For either Act an offering;
For victory, this wreath of Bay:
In signe of Thraldome, downe I lay
Scepter and Crowne: Take from my sight
Those Royall Robes; since fortunes spight
Forbids me live thy Vertues prize,
I'le dye thy Valours sacrifice.

To

*To a Lady that desired I
would love her.*

1.

NOW you have freely given me leave to love,
What will you doe ?

Shall I your mirth, or pastime move

When I begin to wooe ;

Will you torment, or scorne, or love me too ?

2.

Each pettie beautie can disdain, and I

Spight of your hate

Without your leave can see, and dye ;

Dispencc a nobler Fate,

'Tis easie to destroy, you may create.

3.

Then give me leave to love, and love me too

Not with designe

To rayse, as Loves curst Rebels doe ;

When puling Poets whine,

Fame to their beautie, from their blubbr'd cyne,

Griefe

4.

Griefe is a puddle, and reflects not cleare

Your beauties rayes,

Joyes are pure streames, your eyes appeare

Sullen in sadder layes,

In chearfull numbers they shine bright with prayse,

5.

Which shall not mention to expresse you fayre

Wounds, flames, and darts,

Stormes in your brow, nets in your haire,

Suborning all your parts,

Or to betray, or torture captive hearts.

6.

I'll make your eyes like morning Suns appeare,

As milde, and faire

Your brow as Crystall smooth, and cleare,

And your dishevell'd hayre

shall flow like a calme Region of the Ayre.

7.

Rich Natures store, (which is the Poets Treasure)

I'll spend, to dresse,

Your beauties, if your mine of Pleasure

In equall thankfulness

You but unlocke, so we each other blesse.

Vpon

Upon my Lord Chiefe Iustice
his election of my Lady
A. W. for his
Mistresse.

1.
HEare this, and tremble all
Vsurping Beauties, that create
A government Tyrannicall
In Loves free state,
Justice, hath to the sword of your edg'd eyes
His equall ballance joyn'd, his sage head lyes
In Loves soft lap, which must be just and wise.

2.
Harke how the sterne Law breathes
Forth amorous sighs, and now prepares
No fetters, but of silken wreathes,
And, braded hayres;
His dreadfull Rods and Axes are exil'd
Whilst he sits crown'd with Roses, Love hath fil'de
His native roughnesse, Justice is growne milde.

3.

The golden Age returns,
 Loves bowe, and quiver, uselesse lye,
 His shaft, his brand, nor wounds, nor burnes,
 And crueltie
 Is sunke to Hell, the fayre shall all be kind,
 Who loves, shall be belov'd, the froward mind
 To a deformed shape shall be confin'd.

4.

Astraea hath possesse
 An earthly seate, and now remaines
 In *Finches* heart, but *Wentworths* brest
 That Guest contains;
 With her she dwells, yet hath not left the skies,
 Nor lost her Spheare, for, new-enthron'd she cryes
 I know no Heaven but fayre *Wentworths* eyes.

To

*To A.D. unreasonable distrust-
full of her owne beauty.*

FAyre *Doris* breake thy Glasse, it hath perplext
With a darke Comment, beauties clearest Text;
It hath not told thy faces story true,
But brought false Copies to thy jealous view.
No colour, feature, lovely ayre, or grace,
That ever yet adorn'd a beauteous face,
But thou maist reade in thine, or justly doubt;
Thy Glasse hath beene suborn'd to leave it out,
But if it offer to thy nice survey
A spot, a staine, a blemish, or decay,
It not belongs to thee, the treacherous light
Or faithlesse stone abuse thy credulous sight.
Perhaps the magique of thy face, hath wrought
Vpon th'enchanted Crystall, and so brought
Fantasticke shadowes to delude thine eyes
With ayrie repercussive sorceries.
Or else th' enamoured Image pines away
For love of the fayre Object, and so may
Waxe pale and wan, and though the substance grow
Lively and fresh, that may consume with woe;

Give then no faith to the false specular stone;
 But let thy beauties by th' effects be knowne:
 Looke (sweetest *Doris*) on my love-sick heart,
 In that true mirrour see how fayre thou art.
 There, by Loves never-erring Penfill drawne
 shalt thou behold thy face, like th' early dawne
 shoot through the shadie covert of thy hayre,
 Enameling; and perfuming the calme Ayre
 With Pearles, and Roses, till thy Suns display
 Their lids, and let out the imprison'd day.
 Whilst Delfique Priests, (enlightned by their Theame)
 In amorous numbers count thy golden beame,
 And from Loves Altars cloudes of sighes arise
 In smoaking Incence to adore thine eyes.
 If then Love flow from Beautie as th' effect
 How canst thou the resistlesse cause suspect?
 Who would not brand that Foole, that should contend
 There were no fire, where smoke and flames ascend?
 Distrust is worse then scorne, not to beleeve
 My harmes, is greater wrong then not to grieve;
 What cure can for my festring sore be found,
 Whilst thou belev'st thy beautie cannot wound?
 Such humble thoughts more cruell Tyrants prove
 Then all the pride that e're usurp'd in Love,

For Beauties Herald, here denounceth war,
 There her false spies betray me to a snare.
 If fire disguis'd in balls of snow were hurl'd
 It unsuspected might consume the world;
 Where our prevention ends, danger begins,
 So Wolves in Sheepes, Lyons in Asses skins,
 Might farre more mischitfe worke, because lesse fear'd,
 Those, the whole flock, these, might kill all the herd,
 Appeare then as thou art, break through this cloude
 Confesse thy beauty, though thou thence grow proud,
 Be faire though scornfull, rather let me find
 Thee cruell, then thus mild, and more unkind;
 Thy crueltie doth only me desie,
 But these dull thoughts thee to thy selfe denie?
 Whether thou meane to bartar, or bestow
 Thy selfe; 'tis fit thou thine owne vales know.
 I will not cheate thee of thy selfe, nor pay
 Lesse for thee then th'art worth, thou shalt not say
 That is but brittle glasse, which I have found
 By strict enquirie a firme Diamond.
 I'll trade with no such Indian foole as sells
 Gold, Pearles, and pretious stones, for Beads and Bells;
 Nor will I take a present from your hand,
 Which you or prize not, or not understand;

It not endeares your bountie that I doe
 Esteeme your gift, unlesse you doe so too;
 You undervalew me, when you bestow
 On me, what you nor care for, nor yet know.
 No (*Lovely Doris*) change thy thoughts, and be
 In love first with thy selfe, and then with me.
 You are afflicted that you are not faire,
 And I as much tormented that you are,
 What I admire, you scorne ; what I love, hate,
 Through different faiths, both share an equall Fate,
 Fast to the truth, which you renounce, I stick,
 I dye a Martyr, you an Heretique.

 L

 To

To my friend G. N. from
Wrest.

I Breathe (Sweet *Glib:*) the temperate ayre of *Wrest*
 Where I no more with raging stormes oppress,
 Weare the cold nights out by the banks of Tweed,
 On the bleake Mountains, where fierce tempests breed,
 And everlasting Winter dwells; where milde
Favonius, and the Vernall windes exilde,
 Did never spread their wings: but the wilde North
 Brings sterill Fearne, Thistles, and Brambles forth.
 Here steep'd in balme dew, the pregnant Earth,
 Sends from her teeming wombe a flowrie birth,
 And cherisht with the warme Suns quickning heate,
 Her porous besome doth rich odours sweate;
 Whose perfumes through the Ambient ayre diffuse
 Such native Aromatiques, as we use
 No forraigne Gums, nor essence fetcht from farre,
 No Volatile spirits, nor compounds that are
 Adulterate, but at Natures cheape expence
 With farre more genuine sweetes refresh the sense.

Such pure and uncompounded beauties, blesse
 This Man sion with an usefull comelinesse.
 Devoide of Art, for here the Architect
 Did not with curious skill a Pile erect
 Of carved Marble, Touch, or Porpherie,
 But built a house for hospitalitie;
 No sumptuous Chimney-peece of shining stone
 Invites the strangers eye to gaze upon,
 And coldly entertaines his sight, but cleare
 And cheerefull flames, cherish and warme him here:
 No Dorique, nor Corinthian Pillars grace
 With Imagery this structures naked face,
 The Lord and Lady of this place delight
 Rather to be in act, then seeme in sight;
 In stead of Statues to adorne their wall
 They throng with living men, their merry Hall,
 Where at large Tables fill'd with wholsome meates
 The servant, Tennant, and kind neighbour eates.
 Some of that ranke, spun of a finer thred;
 Are with the Women, Steward, and Chaplaine fed
 With daintier cates; Others of better note
 Whom wealth, parts, office, or the Heralds coats
 Have sever'd from the common, freely sit
 At the Lords Table, whose spread sides admit

A large access of friends to fill those seats
 Of his capacious circle, fill'd with meates
 Of choycest rellish, till his Oaken back
 Vnder the load of pil'd-up dishes crack,
 Northinke, because our Pyramids, and high
 Exalted Turrets threaten not the skie,
 That therefore *Wrest* of narrowness complains
 Of streightned Walls, for the more numerous traines
 Of Noble guests daily receives, and those
 Can with farre more conveniencie dispose
 Then prouder Piles, where the vaine builder spent
 More cost in outward gay Embellishment
 Then reall use : which was the sole designe
 Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
 But fit for service, *Amaltbea's* Horne
 Of plentie is not in Effigie worne
 Without the gate, but she within the dore
 Empties her free and unexhausted store,
 Nor, croun'd with wheaten wreathes, doth *Ceres* stand
 In stone, with a crook'd circle in her hand : *sickle*
 Nor, on a Marble Tunne, his face besmett'd
 With grapes, is curl'd uncizard *Bacchus* rear'd.
 We offer not in Emblemes to the eyes,
 But to the taste those usefull Deities.

Wee presse the iuycie God, and quaffe his blood,
 And grinde the Yeallow Goddesse into food.
 Yet we decline not, all the worke of Art,
 But where more bounteous Nature beares a part
 And guides her Hand-maid, if she but dispence
 Fitmatter, she with care and diligence
 Employes her skill, for where the neighbour source
 Powers forth her waters she directs their course,
 And entertaines the flowing streames in deepe
 And spacious channells, where they slowly creepe
 In snakie windings, as the shelving ground
 Leades them in circles, till they twice surround
 This Island Mansion, which i'th' center plac'd,
 Is with a double Cryshall heaven embrac'd,
 In which our watery constellations floate,
 Our Fishes, Swans, our Water-man and Boate,
 Envy'd by those above, which wish to stake
 Their starre-burnt limbes, in our refreshing lake,
 But they stick fast naylor'd to the barren Spheare,
 Whilst our encrease in fertile waters here
 Disport, and wander freely where they please
 Within the circuit of our narrow Seas.

With various Trees we fringe the waters brinke,
 Whose thirstie rootes the soaking moysture drinke.

And whose extended boughes in equall rankes
 Yeeld fruit, and shade, and beautie to the bankes.
 On this side young *Vertumnus* sits, and courts
 His ruddie-cheek'd *Pomona*. *Zephyrus* sports
 On th'other, with lov'd *Flora*, yeelding there
 Sweetes for the smell, sweetes for the palate here.
 But did you taste the high & mighty drinke
 Which from that Fountaine flowes, you'd cleerly thinke
 The God of Wine did his plumpe clusters bring,
 And crush the *Falerne* grape into our springs
 Or else disguis'd in watery Robes did swim
 To *Ceres* bed, and make her big of Him,
 Begetting so himselfe on Her: for know
 Our Vintage here in *March* doth nothing owe
 To theirs in Autumne, but our fire boyles here
 As lustie liquour as the Sun makes there.

Thus I enjoy my selfe, and taste the fruit
 Of this blest Peace, whilst toyl'd in the pursuit.
 Of Bucks, and Stags, th'embleme of warre you strive
 To keepe the memory of our Armes alive,

*A New yeares gift.
To the King.*

Looke back old *Janus*, and survey
From *Times* birth, till this new-borne day,
All the successfull season bound
With Lawrell wreathes, and Trophies crown'd;
Turne o're the Annals past, and where
Happie auspicious dayes appeare,
Mark'd with the whiter stone, that cast
On the darke brow of th' Ages past
A dazeling luster, let them shine
In this succeeding circles twine,
Till it be round with glories spread,
Then with it crowne our *Charles* his head,
That we th' ensuing yeare may call
One great continued festivall.
Fresh joyes in varied formes apply,
To each distinct captivitie.
Season his cares by day with nights
Crown'd with all conjugall delights,

May the choyce beauties that enflame
 His Royall brest be still the same,
 And he still thinke them such; since more
 Thou canst not give from Natures store.
 Then as a Father let him be
 With numerous issue blest, and see
 The faire and God-like off-spring growne
 From budding starres to Suns full blowne.
 Circle with peacefull Olive bowes,
 And conquering Bayes, his Regall browes.
 Let his strong vertues overcome,
 And bring him bloodlesse Trophies home:
 Strew all the pavements, where he treads
 With loyall hearts, or Rebels heads;
 But *Byfront*, open thou no more,
 In his blest raigne the Temple dore.

To

To the Queene.

THOU great Commandresse, that doest move
 Thy Scepter o're the Crowne of Love,
 And through his Empire with the Awe
 Of Thy chaste beames, doest give the Law.
 From his prophaner Altars, we
 Turne to adore Thy Deitie:
 He, only can wilde lust provoke,
 Thou, those impurer flames canst choke;
 And where he scatters looser fires,
 Thou turn'st them into chaste desires:
 His Kingdome knowes no rule but this,
What ever pleaseth lawfull is;
 Thy sacred Lore shewes us the path
 Of Modestie, and constant faith,
 Which makes the rude Male satisfied
 With one faire Female by his side;
 Doth either sex to each unite,
 And forme loves pure Hermaphrodite.
 To this Thy faith behold the wilde
 Satyr already reconciled.

Who

Who from the influence of Thine eye
 Hath suckt the deepe Divinitie ;
 O free them then, that they may teach,
 The Centaur, and the Horsman preach
 To Beasts and Birds, sweetly to rest
 Each in his proper Lare and nest :
 They shall convey it to the flood,
 Till there Thy law be understood,
 So shalt thou with thy pregnant fire,
 The water, earth, and ayre, inspire.

To

To the New-year for the
Countesse of Carlile.

Give *Lucinda* Pearle, nor Stone,
Lend them light who else have none,
Let Her beautis shine alone.

Gums nor spice bring from the East,
For the Phenix in Her brest
Builds his funerall pile, and nest.

No tyre thou canst invent,
Shall to grace her forme be sent,
She adorne all ornament.

Give Her nothing, but restore
Those sweet smiles which heretofore,
In Her chearfull eyes she wore.

Drive those envious cloudes away,
Vailes that have o're-cast my day,
And eclips'd Her brighter ray.

Let the royall Goth mowe downe
This yeares harvest with his owne
Sword, and spare *Lucinda's* frowne.

Fanny, if when next I trace
Those sweet lines, I in her face
Reade the Charter of my grace,

Then from bright *Apollo's* tree,
Such a Garland wreath'd shall be,
As shall Crowne both Her and thee.

To

*To my Honoured friend, Ma-
ster Thomas May, upon his
Comedie, The Heire.*

THE Heire being borne, was in his tender age
Rockt in the Cradle of a private Stage,
Where lifted up by many a willing hand,
The child did from the first day fairely stand.
Since having gather'd strength, he dares preferre
His steps into the publike Theater
The World: where he dispaire not but to find
A doome from men more able, not lesse kind;

I but his Vsher am, yet if my word
May passe, I dare be bound he will afford
Things must deserve a welcome, if well knowne
Such as best writers would have wisht their owne.

You shall observe his words in order meet,
And softly stealing on with equall feet
Slide into even numbers, with such grace
As each word had beene moulded for that place.

You shall perceive an amorous passion, spunne
Into so smooth a web, as had the Sunne

When

When he pursu'd the swiftly flying Maid,
 Courted her in such language, she had staid,
 A love so well express'd, must be the same
 The Authour felt himselfe from his faire flame:

The whole plot doth alike it selfe disclose
 Through the five Acts, as doth the Locke that goes
 With letters, for till every one be knowne,
 The Lock's as fast, as if you had found none.
 And where his sportive Muse doth draw a thread
 Of mirth, chaste Matrons may not blush to reade.

Thus have I thought it fitter to reveale
 My want of art (deare friend) then to conceale
 My love. It did appeare I did not meane
 So to commend thy well-wrought Comick-scene,
 As men might judge my aime rather to be,
 To gaine praise to my selfe, then give it thee;
 Though I can give thee none, but what thou hast
 Deserv'd, and what must my faint breath out-last.

Yet was this garment (though I skillese be
 To take thy measure) onely made for thee,
 And if it prove to scant, 'tis cause the stufte
 Nature allow'd me was not large enough.

*To my worthy friend Master
Geo. Sands, on his transla-
tion of the Psalmes.*

I Presse not to the Quire, nor dare I greet
The holy place with my unhallowed feet;
My unwasht Muse, pollutes nō things Divine,
Nor mingles her prophane notes with thine;
Here, humbly at the porch she staves,
And with glad eares sucks in thy sacred layes.
So, devout penitents of Old were wont,
Some without dore, and some beneath the Font,
To stand and heare the Churches Liturgies,
Yet not assist the solemne exercise:
Sufficieth her, that she a lay-place gaine,
To trim thy Vestments, or but heare thy traine;
Though nor in tune, nor wing, she reach thy Larke,
Her Lyrick feet may dance before the Arke.
Who knowes, but that her wandring eyes that run,
Now hunting Glow-wormes, may adore the Sun,
A pure flame may, shot by Almighty power
Into her brest, the earthy flame devoure.

My

My eyes, in penitentiall dew may sleepe
 That brine, which they for sensuall love did weepe,
 So (though 'gainst Natures course) fire may be quencht
 With fire, and water be with water drencht ;
 Perhaps my restlessle soule, tyr'de with pursuit
 Of mortall beauty, seeking without fruit
 Contentment there, which hath not, when enjoy'd,
 Quencht all her thirst, not satisf'd, though cloy'd ;
 Weary of her vaine search below, Above
 In the first faire may find th'immortall Love.
 Prompted by thy example then, no more
 In moulds of clay will I my God adore ;
 But teare these Idols from my heart, and write
 What his blest Sprit, not fond Love shall indite ;
 Then, I no more shall court the verdant Bay,
 But the dry leavelesse Trunke on *Golgorba* ;
 And rather strive to gaine from thence one Thorne,
 Then all the flourishing wreathes by Laureats worne.

To

To my much honoured friend,
 HENRY Lord CARY of Leping-
 ton, upon his translation of
 MALVEZZI.

My Lord,

IN every triviall worke 'tis knowne
 Translators must be masters of their owne,
 And of their Authors language, but your taske
 A greater latitude of skill did aske.
 For your *Malvezzi* first requir'd a man
 To teach him speake vulgar Italian:
 His matter's so sublime, so now his phrase,
 So farre above the stile of *Bemboe's* dayes;
 Old *Varchies* rules, or what the *Crusca* yet
 For currant *Tuscan* mintage will admit,
 As I beleeve your *Marquesse*, by a good
 Part of his Natives hardly understood.
 You must expect no happier fate, 'tis true
 He is of noble birth, of nobler you:
 So nor your thoughts, nor words fit common eares,
 He writes, and you translate, both to your Peeres.

*To my worthy Friend, M.
D'AVENANT, Upon his Excellent
Play, The Iust Italian.*

I'Le not mispend in praise, the narrow roome
I borrow in this lease; the Garlands bloome
From thine owne seedes, that crowne each glorious page
Of thy triumphant worke; the sullen Age
Requires a Satyre. What starre guides the soule
Of these our froward times, that dare controule,
Yet dare not learne to judge? When didst thou flie
From hence, cleare, candid Ingennitie?
I have beheld, when pearch'd on the smooth brow
Of a faire modest troope, thou didst allow
Applause to slighter workes; but then the weak
Spectator, gave the knowing leave to speake.
Now noyse prevailes, and he is tax'd for drowth
Of wit, that with the crie, spends not his mouth.
Yet aske him, reason why he did not like;
Him, why he did; their ignorance will strike
Thy soule with scorne, and Pity: marke the places
Provoke their smiles, frownes, or distorted faces,
When, they admire, nod, shake the head: they'le be
A scene of myrth, a double Comedie.

But thy strong fancies (raptures of the braine,
 Drest in Poetique flames) they entertaine
 As a bold, impious reach; for they'le still fight
 All that exceeds Red Bull, and Cockpit fight.
 These are the men in crowded heape that throng
 To that adulterate stage, where not a tong
 Of th'untun'd Kennell, can a line repeat
 Of serious sence: but like lips, meet like meat;
 Whilst the true brood of Actors, that alone
 Keepe naturall unstrain'd Action in her throne
 Behold their Benches bare, though they rehearse
 The terser Beaumonts or great Johnsons verse.
 Repine not Thou then, since this churlish fate
 Rules not the stage alone, perhaps the State
 Hath felt this rancour, where men great and good,
 Have by the Rabble beene misunderstood.
 So was thy Play; whose cleere, yet lostie straine,
 Wisemen, that governe Fate, shall entertaine.

*To the Reader of Master
William Davenant's
Play.*

IT hath beene said of old, that Playes are Feasts,
Poets the Cookes, and the Spectators Guests,
The Actors Waitors: From this Similie,
Some have deriv'd an unsafe libertie
To use their Judgements as their Tastes, which chuse
Without controule, this Dish, and that refuse:
But Wit allows not this large Priviledge,
Neither you must confesse, or seele it's edge;
Nor shall you make a currant inference
If you trans-fer your reason to your sense:
Things are distinct, and must the same appeare
To every piercing Eye, or well-run'd Eare.
Though sweets with yours, sharps best with my tast meet:
Both must agree, this meat's, or sharpe or sweet:
But if I sent a steach, or a perfume,
Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume
You have that sense imperfect: So you may
Affect a sad, merry, or humerous Play,

If, though the kind distaste or please, the Good
 And Bad, be by your Judgement understood;
 But if, as in this Play, where with delight
 I feast my Epicurean appetite
 With relishes so curious, as dispencc
 The utmost pleasure to the ravish'd sense,
 You should professe that you can nothing meet
 That hits your taste, either with sharpe or sweet,
 But cry out, 'tis insipid; your bold Tongue
 May doe it's Master, not the Author wrong;
 For Men of better Pallat will by it
 Take the just elevation of your Wit.

M 3
To

TO MY FRIEND; WILL. D'AVENANT.

I Crowded 'mongst the first, to see the Stage
 (Infr'd by thee) strike wonder in our age,
 By thy bright fancie dazled · Where each Sceane
 Wrought like a charme, and forc't the audience leane
 To th' passion of thy Pen, thence Ladyes went
 (Whose absence Lovers sigh'd for) to repent
 Their unkind scorne; And Courtiers, who by art
 Made love before with a converted heart,
 Towed those Virgins, whom they woo'd t' abuse;
 Both rendred Hymen's profits by thy Muse.

But others who were proofe 'gainst Love, did sit
 To learne the subtile Dictats of thy Wit;
 And as each profited, tooke his degree,
 Master, or Batchelor, in Comedie,
 Wee, of th' adult' rare mixture nor complaine,
 But thence more Characters of Vertue gaines;

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More pregnant Patternes, of transcendent Worth,
Than barren and insipid Truth brings forth:
So, oft the Bastard nobler fortune meets,
Than the dull Issue of the lawfull Sheets,

M 4

To

The Comparison.

Darest thy tresses are not threads of gold,
 Thy eyes of Diamonds, nor doe I hold
 Thy lips for Rubies : Thy faire cheekes to be
 Fresh Roses ; or thy teeth of Ivorie :
 Thy skin that doth thy daintie bodie sheath
 Not Alabaster is, nor dost thou breath
Arabian odours, those the earth brings forth
 Compar'd with which would but impair thy worth.
 Such may be others Mistresses, but mine
 Holds nothing earthly, but is all divine.
 Thy tresses are those rayes that doe arise
 Not from one Sunne, but two ; Such are thy eyes :
 Thy lips congealed Nectar are, and such
 As but a Deitie, there's none dare touch.
 The perfect crimson that thy cheekes doth cloath
 (But onely that it farre exceeds them both)
Aurora's blush resembles, or that redd
 That fresheth in when her mantl's spread.
 Thy teeth in white doe *Leda's* Swan exceede,
 Thy skin's a heavenly and immortall weede

And thou when breath'st, the winds are readie strait
 To filch it from thee, and doe therefore wait
 Close at thy lips, and snatching it from thence
 Beare it to Heaven, where 'tis *Joves* frankincense.
 Faire Goddesse since thy feature makes thee one
 Yet be not such for these respects alone.
 But as you are divine in outward view
 So be within as faire, as good, as true.

The

The Enquiry.

Amongst the myrtles as I walk't,
 Love and my sighes thus intertalk't,
 Tell me (said I in deepe distresse)
 Where may I find my shepheardeffe?

Thou foole (said love) knowst thou not this
 In every thing that's good shee is;
 In yonder tulip goe and seeke,
 There thou must find her lip, her cheeke.

In you ennamel'd pause by,
 There thou shalt have her curious eye;
 In bloome of peach, in rose bud,
 There wave the streamers of her blood,

In brightest lillies that there stands,
 The emblems of her whiter hands.
 In yonder rising hill there smells
 Such sweets as in her bosome dwells.

'Tis true (said I) and thereupon
 I went so plucked them one by one

To make of parts a vnion
But on a suddaine all was gone.

With that I stopt said leue these be,
(Fond man) resemblances of thee,
And as these flowres, thy joyes shall die
Even in the twinkling of an eye.

And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like these short sweets, thus knit together.

The

The Sparke.

MY first love whom all beauties did adorne:
 Firing my heart suppress it with her scorne,
 Sun-like to tinder in my brest it lies,
 By every sparke made a sacrifice,
 Each wanton eye now kindles my desire,
 And that is free to all that was entire:
 Desiring more, by thee (desire) I lost,
 As those that in consumptions hunger most,
 And now my wandring thoughts are not confin'd,
 Vnto one woman, but to woman kinde.
 This for her shape of love, that for her face,
 This for her gesture, or some other grace,
 And where I none of these doe use to find,
 I choose thereby the kernell not the rynd:
 And so I hope since my first hopes are gone,
 To find in many what I lost in one,
 And like to Merchants after some great losse,
 Trade by retaile, that cannot now ingrosse,
 The fault is hers that made me goe astray,
 He needs must wander that hath lost his way.

Guilelesse

Guiltlesse I am shee did this change provoke,
 And made that charcoale which to her was oake.
 And as a looking glasse from the aspect,
 Whilst it is whole, doth but one face reflect,
 But being crack't, or broken there are showne,
 Many halfe faces, which at first were one.
 So love vnto my heart did first proffer
 Her image, and there planted none but her,
 But since t'was broke and martird by her scorne,
 Many lesse faces in her face are borne,
 Thus like to tynder am I prone to catch
 Each falling sparkle, fit for any match.

The

The Complement.

O My dearest I shall grieve thee
 When I sweare, yet sweete beleeeve me,
 By thine eyes the tempting booke
 On which even crabbed old men looke
 I sweare to thee, (though none abhorre them)
 Yet I doe not love thee for them,

I doe not love thee for that faire,
 Rich fanne of thy most curious haire;
 Though the wires thereof be drawne
 Finer then the threeds of lawne,
 And are softer then the leaves
 On which the subtile spinner weaves

I doe not love thee for those flowers,
 Growing on thy cheeks (loves bowers)
 Though such cunning them hath spread
 None can paint them whit and red:
 Loves golden arrowes thence are shot,
 Yet for them I love thee not

I doe not love thee for those soft,
 Red corall lips I've kist so oft;
 Nor teeth of pearle, the double guard
 To speech, whence musick still is heard:
 Though from those lips a kisse being taken,
 Might tyrants melt and death awaken.

I doe not love thee (& my fairest)
 For that richest, for that rarest
 Silver pillar which stands vnder
 Thy sound head, that globe of wonder;
 Though that necke be whiter farre,
 Then towers of polliht Ivory are.

I doe not love thee for those mountaine
 Hill'd with snow, whence milkey fountaines,
 (Sugar'd sweets, as firropt berries)
 Must one day run through pipes of cherries;
 & how much those breasts doe move me,
 Yet for them I doe not love thee.

I doe not love thee for that belly,
 Sleeke as fatten, soft as jelly,
 Though within that Christall round
 Heapes of treasure might be found,

So rich that for the best of them,
A King might leave his Diadem.

I do not love thee for those thighes,
Whose Alabaster rocks doe rise
So high and even that they stand
Like Sea-markes to some happy land.
Happy are those eyes have seene them,
More happy they that saile betweene them.

I love thee not for thy moist palme,
Though the dew thereof be balme,
Nor for thy pretty legge and foote,
Although it be the precious roote,
On which this goodly cedar growes,
(Sweete) I love thee not for those.

Nor for thy wit though pure and quicke,
Whose substance no arithmeticke
Can number downe : nor for those charmes
Mask't in thy embracing armes.
Though in them one night to lie,
Dearest I would gladly die.

I love not for those eyes, nor haire,
Nor cheekes, nor lips, nor teeth so rare.

(177)

Nor for thy speech, thy necke, nor breast,
Nor for thy belly, nor the rest :
Nor for thy hand, nor foore so small,
But wouldst thou know (deere sweet) for all.

N

On

*On sight of a Gentlewomans
face in the water.*

STand still you floods doe not deface,
That Image which you beare:
So Votaries from every place,
To you shall Alters reare.

No winds but Lovers sighs blow here,
To trouble these glad streames,
On which no starre from any Sphaere,
Did ever dart such beames.

To Christall then in hast congeale,
Least you should loose your blisse:
And to my cruell faire reveale,
How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious *Nymphs* shall feare,
Their beauties will be scorn'd,
And hire the ruder winds to reare,
That face which you adorn'd.

(179)

Then rage and foame amaine that we,

Their malice may despise :

When from your froath we soone shall see,

A second *Venus* rise.

N 2

Song.

A Song.

Ask me no more where love bestowes,
 When Iune is past the fading rose:
 For in your beauties orient deepe,
 These flowers as in their causes, sleepe.

Aske me no more whether doth stray,
 The golden Atomes of the day:
 For in pure love heaven did prepare,
 Those powders to enrich your haire.

Aske me no more whether doth hast,
 The Nightingale when May is past:
 For in your sweet dividing throat,
 She winters and keepes warme her note.

Aske me no more where those starres light,
 That downewards fall in dead of night:
 For in your eyes they sit and there,
 Fixed become as in their sphere.

Aske me no more if East or West,
 The Phenix builds her spicy nest:

(181)

Fort unto you at last shee flies,
And in your fragrant bosome dyes.

Song.

Would you know what's soft ? I dare,
Not bring you to the downe, or aire :
Nor to starres to shew what's bright,
Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor if you would Musicke heare,
Call the orbes to take your care :
Nor to please your sence bring forth,
Bruised Nard or what's more worth.

Or on food were your thoughts plac'd,
Bring you Nectar, for a tast :
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 'tis done.

N

The

The second Rapture.

NO worldling, no, tis not thy gold,
 Which thou dost use but to behold;
 Nor fortune, honour, nor long life,
 Children, or friends, nor a good wife,
 That makes thee happy; these things be
 But shaddowes of felicitie.
 Give me a wench about thirteene,
 Already voted to the Queene
 Of lust and lovers, whose soft haire,
 Fann'd with the breath of gentle aire
 O're spreads her shoulders like a tent,
 And is her vaile and ornament:
 Whose tender touch, will make the blood
 Wild in the aged, and the good.
 Whose kisses fastned to the mouth,
 Of threescore yeares and longer stouth.
 Renew the age, and whose bright eye,
 Obscure those lesser lights of skie
 Whose snowy breasts (if we may call
 That snow, that never melts at all.)

Makes *Jove* invent a new disguise,

In *spire* of *Iuno's* jealousies:

Whose every part doth re-invite,

The old decayed appetite:

And in whose sweet embraces I,

May melt myselfe to lust, and die:

This is true blisse, and I confesse,

There is no other happinesse,

N 4

The

The Hue and Cry.

IN loves name you are charg'd hereby,

To make a speedy Hue and Cry,

After a face which t'other day,

Stole my wandering heart away.

To direct you these (in briebe,)

Are ready markes to know the theife,

Her haire a net of beames would prove,

Strong enough to captive Jove

In his Eagles shape; Her brow,

Is a comely field of snow.

Her eye so rich, so pure a grey,

Every beame creates a day.

And if she but sleepe (not when

The sun sets) 'tis night agen.

In her cheekes are to be seene,

Of flowers both the King and Queene,

Thicker by the graces led,

And freshly laid in nuptiall bed.

On whom lips like Nymphes doe waite,

Who deplore their virgin state,

(185)

Oft they blush, and blush for this,
That they one another kisse,
But observe besides the rest,
You shall know this Fellow best,
By her tongue, for if your care
Once a heavenly musicke heare,
Such as neither Gods nor Men,
But from that voice, shall heare agen
That that is she. O strait surprise,
And bring her unto loves Adize
If you let her goe she may,
Antedate the latter day,
Fate and Philosophy controle,
And leavethe world without a soule.

To

To his Mistris confined. Song.

O Thinke not Phoebe 'cause a cloud,
Doth now thy silver brightnes shrowd,
My wandring eye
Can stoope to common beauties of the Skye.
Rather be kind, and this Ecclips,
Shall neither binder eye nor lips,
For wee shall meete,
Witbin our hearts and kisse, and none shall see't.

Nor canst thou in thy prison be,
Without some living signe of me ;
When thou dost spye,

A Sun beame peepe into the roome, 'tis I.
For I am hid witbin a flame,
And thus into thy chamber came,
To let thee see,
In what a martyredome I burne for thee.

When thou dost touch thy Lute thou mayest,
Thinke on my heart, on which thou plaie'st ;

(187)

When each sad tone,

Vpon the strings doth shew my deeper groane,

When thou dost please, they shall rebound,

With nimble ayres stricke to the sound,

Of thy owne voyce :

O thinke how much I tremble and reioyce,

There's no sad picture that doth dwell,

Vpon thy Arras wall, but well

Resembles me,

No matter though our age doe not agree,

Love can make old, as well as time,

And he that doth but twenty clime,

If he dare proue,

As true as I, shewes fourscore yeares in love.

The

The Primrose.

Ask me why I send you here,
 This firstling of the infant year;
 Aske me why I send to you,
 This *Primrose* all bepearl'd with dew,
 I strait will whisper in your eares,
 The sweets of love are wash't with teares.

Aske me why this flower doth shew,
 So yellow Greene and sickly too :
 Aske me why the stalke is weake,
 And bending yet it doth not breake;
 I must tell you these discover,
 What doubts and feares are in a lover.

The tinder.

OF what mould did nature frame mee
 Or was it her intent to shame me,
 That no woman can come neere me
 Faire, but her I court to heare me?
 Sure that mistress to whose beauty.
 First I paid a lovers duty.
 Burnt in rage my heart to tinder,
 That nor prayers, nor teares can hinder.
 But where ever I doe turne me,
 Every sparke let fall doth burne me?
 Women since you thus inflame me,
 Flint and Steele I'll ever name yee.

A

A Song.

IN her faire cheekes two pits doe lye,
 Tobury those staine by her eye,
 So spight of death this comforts me,
 That fairely buried I shall be.
 My grave with rose and lilly spread,
 O'tis a life to be so dead.

Come then and kill me with thy eye,
 For if thou let me live, I die.

When I behold those lips againe,
 Reviving what those eyes have staine,
 With kisses sweeter, whose balsome pure,
 Loves wounds as soone as made can cure.
 Me thinks 'tis sicknes to be sound,
 And there's no health to such a wound.
 Come then &c.

When in her chaste breast I behold,
 Those downy mounts of snow ne're cold,
 And those blest hearts her beauty kills,
 Reviv'd by climbing those faire hills,

Me thinks there's life in such a death,
 And for't expire, inspires new breath.

Come then, &c.

Nymph since no death is deadly where,
 Such choice of Antidotes are neere,
 And your keene eyes but kill in vaine,
 Those that are found, as soone as slaine,
 That I no longer dead survive,
 Your way's to bury me alive
 In Cupids cave, where happy I,
 May dying live, and living die.

Come then and kill me with thy eye,
 For if thou let me live, I die.

The

The Carver.
To his Mistris.

A Carver having lov'd too long in vaine,
Hewd out the portraiture of *Venus* Sunne
In marble rocke upon the which did raine
Small drifling drops that from a fount did runne,
Imagining the drops would either weare
His fury out, or quench his living flame:
But when hee saw it bootlesse did appeare,
He swore the water did augment the same.
So I that seeke in verse to carve thee out,
Hoping thy beauty will my flame allay.
Veiwng my lines impolish't all throughour,
Find my will rather to my love obey:
That with the Carver I my work doe blame,
Finding it still th' augmentor of my flame.

To

To the Painter.

Fond man that hop'st to catch that face,
 With those false colours, whose short grace
 Serves but to shew the lookers on,
 The faults of thy presumption.
 Or at the least to let us see,
 That is divine, but yet not free:
 Say you could imitate the rayes,
 Of those eyes that out-shine the dayes,
 Or counterseite in red and white,
 That most vncounterfeited light
 Of her complexion; yet canst thou,
 (Great Master though thou be) tell how
 To paint a vertue? Then desist,
 This faire, your Artifice hath mist:
 You should have markt how shee begins,
 To grow in vertue, not in lines:
 In stead of that same rosie die,
 You should have drawne out modestie.
 Whose beauty sits enthroned there,
 And learne to looke and blush at her.

Or can you colour just the same,
 When vertue blushes or when shame?
 When sicknes, and when innocence,
 Shewes pale or white unto the sence?
 Can such course varnish ere be sed,
 To imitate her white and red?
 This may doe well else-where in *Spaine*,
 Among those faces died in graine,
 So you may thrive and what you doe,
 Prove the best picture of the two.
 Besides (if all I heare be true,)
 'Tis taken ill by some that you
 Should be so insolently vaine,
 As to contrive all that rich gaine
 Into one tablet, which alone
 May teach us superstition;
 Instructing our amazed eyes,
 To admire and worship Imag'ries,
 Such as quickly might out shine
 Some new Saint, we'r allow'd a Shrine,
 And turne each wandering looker on,
 Into a new *Pigmalion*.
 Yet your Art cannot equalize,
 This *Picture* in her lovers eyes,

His eyes the pencills are which limbe,
 Her truly, as her's coppy him,
 His heart the Tablet which alone,
 Is for that portraite the tru'st stone.
 If you would a truer see,
 Marke it in their posteritie:
 And you shall read it truly there,
 When the glad world shall see their Heire.

O 2

Loves

Loves Courtship.

Kisse lovely *Celia* and be kind,
Let my desires freedome find,

Sit thee downe,

And we will make the Gods confesse,
Mortals enjoy some happines.

Mars would disdain his Mistress charmes,
If he beheld thee in my armes,

And descend:

Ther his mortall Queene to make,
Or live as mortall for thy sake.

Venus must loose her title now,
And leave to brag of *Cupid's* bow,

Silly Queen.

Shee hath but one, but I can spie,
Ten thousand *Cupids* in thy eye.

Nor may the sunne behold our blisse,
For sure thy eyes doe dazle his.

If thou feare.

That

(197)

That he'll betray thee with his light,
Let me eclipse thee from his sight.

And while I shade thee from his eye,
Oh let me heare thee gently cry,

Celia yeelds.

Maids often loose their Maidenhead,
Ere they set foote in Nuptiall bed.

03

On

*On a Damaske rose sticking
vpon a Ladies breast.*

Let pride grow big my rose, and let the cleare
And damaske colour of thy leaves appeare.
Let scent and lookes be sweete and bleesse that hand,
That did transplant thee to that sacred land.
O happy thou that in that garden rest's,
That Paradise betweene that Ladies breasts.
There's an eternall spring; there shalt thou lie,
Betwixt two lilly mounts, and never die.
There shalt thou spring amongst the fertile valleyes,
By budds like thee that grow in midst of Allyes.
There none dare plucke thee, for that place is such
That but a good devine, there's none dare touch,
If any but approach, straite doth arise
A blushing lightning flash, and blasts his eyes.
There stead of raine shall living fountaines flow,
For wind her fragrant breath for ever blow.
Nor now, as easte, one Sun shall on thee shine,
But those two glorious suns, her eyes devine.

(199)

O then what Monarch would not think't a grace,
To leave his Regall throne to have thy place.
My selfe to gaine thy blessed seat do vow,
Would be transformd into a rose as thou.

7

O 4

The

The protestation a Sonnet:

NO more shall meads be deckt with flowers,
 Nor sweetnesse dwell in rosie bowers:
 Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
 Nor warbling birds delight to sing,
 Nor Aprill violets paint the grove,
 If I forsake my *Celia* love.

The fish shall in the Ocean burne,
 And fountaines sweet shall bitter turne,
 The humble oake no flood shall know,
 When floods shall highest hills ore-flow.
 Blacke *Læthe* shall oblivion leave;
 If ere my *Celia* I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
 And *Venus* doves want wings to flie:
 The Sun refuse to shew his light,
 And day shall then be turn'd to night,
 And in that night no starre appeare,
 If once I leave my *Celia* deere.

(201)

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth,
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor paine torment poore soules in hell,
Grim death no more shall horrid prove,
If ere I leave bright *Celias* love.

The

The tooth-ach cured by a kisse.

Fate's now grown mercifull to men,
Turning disease to blisse:

For had not kind Rheume vext me then;

I might not *Celia* kisse.

Physitians you are now my scorn:

For I have found a way:

To cure diseases (when forlorne

By your dull art) which may

Patch vp a body for a time,

But can restore to health,

No more then Chimists can sublime

True Gold, the Indies wealth.

That Angell sure that us'd to move

The poole, men so admir'd,

Hath to her lip the seat of love,

As to his heaven retir'd.

To

To his jealous Mistris.

Admitt (thou darling of mine eyes)
 I have some Idoll lately fram'd:
 That under such a false disguise,
 Our true loves might the lesse be sam'd.
 Canst thou that knowest my heart suppose,
 'Tle fall from thee, and worship those.

Remember (deare) how loath and slow,
 I was to cast a looke or smile,
 Or one love-line to mis-bestow,
 Till thou hadst chang'd both face and stile.
 And art thou grown afraid to see,
 That maske put on thou mad'st for me.

I dare not call those childish feares,
 Comming from love, much lesse from thee,
 But wash away with frequent teares,
 This counterfeitt Idolatrie.
 And henceforth kneele at ne're a shrine,
 To blind the world, but only thine.

The Dart.

O F when I looke I may descry,
 A little face peepe through that eye,
 Sure that's the boy which wisely chose,
 His throne among such beames as those,
 Which if his quiver chance to fall :
 May serve for darts to kill withall.

The

The mistake.

When on faire *Celia* I did spie,
 A wounded hēart of stone,
 The wound had almost made me cry,
 Sure this heart was my owne.

But when I saw it was enthon'd,
 In her celestiall brest:
 O then I it no longer own'd,
 For mine was ne're so blest.

Yet if in highest heavens doe shine,
 Each constant Martyrs heart:
 Then shee may well give rest to mine,
 That for her sake doth smart.

Where seated in so high a blisse,
 Though wounded it shall live:
 Death enters not in Paradise,
 The place free life doth give.

Or if the place lesse sacred were,
 Did but her saving eye;

Bath my sicke heart in one kind teare,
Then should I never dye.

Slight balmes may heale a slighter sore,
No medicine lesse divine,
Can ever hope for to restore,
A wounded heart like mine,

Cælum Brittanicum.

A

MASQVE AT
WHITE-HALL IN
the Banquetting house,
on Shrove-Tuesday-night,
the 18. of February,
1633.

The Inventors.

Tho. Carew.

Frigo Iones.

*Non habet ingenium ; Cæsar sed jussit: habebat.
Cur me posse negem, posse quod ille putat.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Walkley.*

1640.

I
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THE DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENE.

THe first thing that presented it selfe to the sight, was a rich Ornament, that enclosed the Scene; in the upper part of which, were great branches of Foliage growing out of leaves and huskes, with a Coronice at the top; and in the midst was placed a large Compartment composed of Groteske worke, wherein were Harpies with wings and Lyons clawes, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches: over all was a broken Frontispice, wrought with scrowles and masque heads of Children; and within this a Table adorn'd with a lesser Compartment, with this Inscription, *COELVM BRITANNICVM*. The two sides of this Ornament were thus ordered: First, from the ground arose a square Basement, and on the Plinth stood a great vase of gold, richly enchas'd, and beautified with Sculptures of great Releine, with frutages hanging from the upper-part: At the foot of this sat two youths naked, in their naturall colours; each of these with one arme supported the Vase; on the cover of which stood two young women in Draperies, arme in arme; the one figuring the

P. glory

glory of Princes, and the other Mansuetude: their other armes bore up an Ovall, in which, to the Kings Majesty was this Imprese, A Lyon with an Imperiall Crowne on his head; the word, *Animus sub pectore fortis*. On the other side was the like Composition, but the designe of the Figures varied; and in the Oval on the top, being borne up by Nobility and Fecundity, was this Imprese to the Queens Majesty, A Lilly growing with branches and leaves, and three lesser Lillies springing out of the Stemme; the Word, *Semper inclita Vir- tus*: All this Ornament was heightened with Gold, and for the Invention, and various composition was the newest and most gracious that hath beene done in this place.

The Curtaine was watchet, and a pale yellow in paines, which flying up on the sudden, discovered the Scene, representing old Arches, old Palaces, decayed wals, parts of Temples, Theaters, Basilits and Therme, with confused heaps of broken Columnes, Bases, Coronices and Statues, lying as under-ground, and altogether resembling the ruines of some great Citie of the ancient Romans, or civiliz'd Brittaines. This strange prospect detain'd the eyes of the Spectators sometime, when to a loud Musick *Ader- enty* descends; on the upper part of his Chariot stands a Cocke in action of crowing: his habit was a Coat of flame colour girt to him, and a white Mantle trimm'd with gold and silver; upon his head a wreath with small fals of white

white Feathers, a Caduceus in his hand, and wings at his heeles: being come to the ground he dismounts, and goes up to the State.

Mercury.

From the high Senate of the gods, to You
Bright glorious Twins of Love and Majesty,
Before whose Throne three warlike Nations bend
Their willing knees, on whose Imperiall browes,
The Regall Circle prints no awfull frownes
To fright your Subjects, but whose calmer eyes
Shed joy and safety on their melting hearts
That flow with cheerefull loyall reverence,
Come my *Cyllenius*, *Ioves* Ambassadour:
Not, as of gold, to whisper amorous tales
Of wanton love, into the glowing care
Of some choyce beauty in this numeronstrained
These dayes are fled, the rebell flame is quenched
In heavenly breasts, the gods have sworn by *Stryx*,
Never to tempt yeelding mortality
To loose embraces Your exemplar life
Hath not alone transfus'd a zealous heat
Of imitation through your vertuous Court,
By whose bright blaze your Pallace is become
The envied patterne of this under-world,

But the aspiring flame hath kindled heaven;
 Th'immortall bosomes burne with emulous fires,
 Love rivals your great vertues, Royall Sir,
 And *Iuno*, Madam, your attractive graces;
 He his wild lusts, her raging jealousies
 She layes aside, and through th'Olympique hall,
 As yours doth here, their great Example spreads.
 And though of old, when youthfull blood conspir'd
 With his new Empire, prone to heats of lust,
 He acted incests, rapes, adulteries
 On earthly beauties, which his raging Queene,
 Swolne with revengefull fury, turn'd to beasts,
 And in despight he transform'd to Stars,
 Till he had fill'd the crowded Firmament
 With his loose Strumpets, and their spurious race,
 Where the eternall records of his shame
 Shine to the world in flaming Characters;
 When in the Chrystall myrrour of your reigne
 He view'd himselfe, he found his loathsome stains;
 And now, to expiate the infectious guilt
 Of those detested luxuries, hee'll chase
 Th'infamous lights from their usurped Sheare,
 And drowne in the *Lethæ* an flood, their cur'd
 Both names and memories. In whose vacant rooms

First you succeed, and of the wheeling Orbe
 In the most eminent and conspicuous point,
 With dazeling beames, and spreading magnitude,
 Shine the bright Pole-starre of this Hemisphære,
 Next, by your side, in a triumphant Chaire,
 And crown'd with *Ariadnes* Diadem,
 Sits the faire Consort of your heart, and Throne;
 Diffus'd about you, with that share of light
 As they of vertue have deriv'd from you,
 Hee'll fix this Noble traine, of either sexe;
 So to the Brittish stars this lower Glebe
 Shall owe its light, and they alone dispence
 To th world a pure refined influence.

Enter *Momus* attired in a long darkish Robe,
 all wrought over with ponyards, Serpents
 tongues, eyes and eares, his beard and haire
 party coloured, and upon his head a wreath
 stucke with Feathers, and a Porcupine in the
 forepart,

Momus.

BY your leave, Mortals. Gooden Cozen *Her-*
mes, your pardon good my Lord Ambassa-
 dour

dour : I found the tables of your Armes and Titles, in every Inne betwixt this and *Olympus*, where your present expedition is registred, your nine thousandth nine hundred ninety ninth Legation. I cannot reach the policy why your Master breeds so few States-men, it suits not with his dignity that in the whole Empræum there should not bee a god fit to send on these honourable errands but your selfe, who are not yet so carefull of his honour as your owne, as might become your quality, when you are itinerant : the Hosts upon the high-way cry out with open mouth upon you for supporting pilfery in your traine ; which, though as you are the god of petty Larcinry, you might protect, yet you know it is directly against the new orders, and opposes the Reformation in Diameter.

Mere. Peace Rayler, bridle your licentious tongue.

And let this Presence teach you modesty.

Adam. Let it if it can ; in the meane time I will acquaint it with my condition. Know, (gay people) that though your Poets who enjoy by Patent a particular privilege to draw down any of the Deities from Twelf-night till Shrove-tuesday, at what time there is annually a most familiar enter-course betweene the two Courts, have as yet never invited me to these Solemnities, yet it shall appeare by my intrusion this night, that I am a very considerable Person upon these occasions, and may most properly

properly assist at such entertainments. My name is *Momus-ap-Somnus-ap-Erebus-ap-Chaos-ap-Demorgorgon-ap-Eternity*. My Offices and Titles are, The Supreme Theomastix, Hypercritique of manners, Protonotarie of abuses, Arch-Informer, Dilator Generall, Vniuersall Calumniator, Eternall Plaintiffe, and perpetuall Foreman of the Grand Inquest. My privileges are an ubiquitary, circumambulatory, speculatory, interrogatory, redargutory immunity over all the privy lodgings, behind hangings, doores, curtaines, through key-holes, chinkes, windowes, about all Veneriall Lobbies, Skonces or Redoubts, though it be to the surprize of a perdu Page or Chambermaid, in, and at all Courts of civill and criminall judicature, all Counsels, Consultations, and Parliamentary Assemblies, where though I am but a Wool-sacke god, and have no vote in the sanction of new lawes, I have yet a Prærogative of wresting the old to any whatsoever interpretation, whether it be to the behoofe, or prejudice, of *Jupiter* his Crowne and Dignity, for, or against the Rights of either house of Patrician or Plebeian gods. My naturall qualities are to make *Iove* frowne, *Iuno* powt, *Mars* chafe, *Venus* blush, *Vulcan* glow, *Saturne* quake; *Cynthia* pale, *Phabus* hide his face, and *Mercury* here take his heeles. My recreations are witty mischiefes, as when *Saturne* guelt his father; the Smith caught his wife and her *Bravo* in a net of Cobweb-Iron; and *Hebe*, through the

lubricity of the pavement tumbling over the Halfpace, presented the Embleme of the forked tree. and discover'd to the tann'd Ethiops the snowie cliffs of Culabria with the Grotta of Puteolum. But that you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me, by the familiar illustration of a Bird of mine owne feather, old *Peter Aretine*, who reduc'd all the Scepters and Myters of that Age tributary to his wit, was my Parallell; and *Frank Rublais* suck'd much of my milke too; but your moderne French Hospitall of Oratory, is meere counterfeit, an arrant Mountebanke, for though fearing no other fortunes than his Sciatica, hee discourse of Kings and Queenes with as little Reverence as of Groomes and Chamber-maids, yet he wants their fangteeth, and Scorpions tayle; I meane that fellow, who to adde to his stature thinks it a greater grace to dance on his tiptoes like a Dog in a doublet, than to walke like other men on the soles of his feet.

Merc. No more impertinent Trifeler, you disturbe

The great Affaire with your rude scurrilous chat:

What doth the knowledge of your abject state Concerne *Loves* solemne Message?

Mom. Sir, by your favour, though you have a more especiall Commission of employment from *Jupiter*, and a larger entertainment from his Exchequer, yet as a freeborne god I have the liberty to travell at mine owne charges, without

without your passe or countenance Legacine;
and that it may appeare a sedulous acute obser-
ver, may know as much as a dull flegmatique
Ambassadour, and weares a treble key to un-
locke the mysterious Cyphers of your darke se-
crecies, I will discourse the politique state of
Heaven to this trimme Audience.--

At this the Scene changeth, and in the heaven
is discovered a Spheare, with Stars placed in
their severall Images; borne up by a huge
naked Figure (onely a peece of Drapery
haanging over his thigh) kneeling and bow-
ing forwards, as if the great weight lying
on his shoulders opprest him, upon his head
a Crowne, by all which hee might easily bee
knowne to be *Atlas*.

— You shall understand, that *Jupiter* upon
the inspection of I know not what vertuous
Presidents extant (as they say) here in this
Court, but as I more probably ghesse out of the
consideration of the decay of his naturall abili-
ties, hath before a frequent convocation of the
Superlunary Peeres in a solemne Oration re-
canted, disclaymed, and utterly renounced
all the lascivious extravagancies, and riotous
enormities of his forepast licentious life,
and taken his oath on *Junos* Breviary, reli-
giously kissing the two-leav'd Booke, never
to stretch his limbs more betwixt adulterous
sheets

sheets, and hath with patheticall remonstrances
 exhorted, and under strict penalties enjoyned a
 respective conformity in the severall subordinate
 Deities; and because the Libertines of
 Antiquity, the Ribald Poets, to perpetuate the
 memory and example of their triumphs over
 chastity, to all future imitation, have in their
 immortall songs celebrated the martyrdoms of
 those Strumpets under the persecution of the
 wives, and devolved to Posterity the Pedigrees
 of their whores bawds, and bastards; it is there-
 fore by the authority aforesaid enacted, that this
 whole Army of Constellations be immediately
 disbanded and cashier'd, so to remove all im-
 putation of impiety from the Cœlestiall Spirits,
 and all lustfull influences upon terrestriall bo-
 dies; and consequently that there be an Inqui-
 sition erected to expunge in the Ancient, and
 suppress in the moderne and succeeding Poems
 and Pamphlets, all past, present, and future men-
 tion of those abjur'd heresies, and to take par-
 ticular notice of all ensuing incontinences, and
 punish them in their high Commission Court.
 Am not I in election to be a tal Statesman think
 you, that can repeat a passage at a Counsell-table
 thus punctually?

Merc. I shun in vaine the importunity
 With which this Snarler vexeth all the gods,
 Jove cannot scape him: well, what else from
 heaven?

Mom. Heaven! Heaven is no more the
 place it was; a Cloyster of Carthusians, a Mo-
 nastery

nastery of converted gods, *Iove* is growne
 old and fearefull, apprehends a subversion of his
 Empire, and doubts lest Fate should introduce a
 legall succession in the legetimate heire, by re-
 possessing the Titanian line, and hence springs
 all this innovation. We have had new orders
 read in the Presence Chamber, by the Vi-Pre-
 sident of *Parnassus*, too strict to be observed
 long, Monopolies are called in, sophistication
 of wares punished, and rates imposed on com-
 modities. Injunctions are gone out to the
 Nectar Brewers, for the purging of the hea-
 venly Beverage of a narcotique weed which
 hath rendred the Idææes confus'd in the Divine
 intellects, and reducing it to the composition
 used in *Saturnes* Reigne. Edicts are made for
 the restoring of decayed house-keeping, prohi-
 biting the repayre of Families to the Metropo-
 lis, but this did endanger an Amazonian muti-
 ny, till the females put on a more masculine re-
 solution of solliciting businesses in their owne
 persons, and leaving their husbands at home
 for stallions of hospitality. *Bacchus* hath com-
 manded all Tavernes to be shut, and no liquor
 drawne after tenne at night. *Cupid* must goe
 no more so scandalously naked, but is enjoyned
 to make him breeches, though of his mothers
 petticoates. *Ganimede* is forbidden the Bed-
 chamber; and must only minister in publike.
 The gods must keepe no Pages, nor Groomes
 of their Chamber under the age of 25. and those
 provided of a competent stocke of beard.

Pan may not pipe, nor *Proteus* juggle, but by
 especiall permission. *Vulcan* was brought to an
Oretenus and fined, for driving in a plate of
 Iron into one of the Sunnes Chariot-wheeles,
 and frost-nailing his horses upon the fifth of
November last, for breach of a penall Statute
 prohibiting worke upon Holi-dayes, that being
 the annuall celebration of the Gygantomachy.
 In brieft, the whole state of the Hierarchy suf-
 fers a totall reformation, especially in the poynt
 of reciprocation of conjugall affection. *Venus*
 hath confest all her adulteries, and is receiv'd to
 grace by her husband, who conscious of the
 great disparity betwixt her perfections and his
 deformities, allowes those levities as an equall
 counterpoize; but it is the prettiest spectacle
 to see her stroaking with her Ivory hand his
 collied cheeks, and with her snowie fingers
 combing his sooty beard. *Jupiter* too beginnes
 to learne to lead his owne wife, I left him pra-
 ctising in the milky way; and there is no doubt
 of an universall obedience, where the Lawgiver
 himselfe in his owne person observes his de-
 grees so punctually; who besides to eternize
 the memory of that great example of Matri-
 moniall union which he derives from hence,
 hath on his Bed-chamber door, and feeling, fret-
 ted with starres in capitall Letters, engraven
 the Inscription of *CARLO MARIA*.
 This is as much I am sure as either your know-
 ledge or Instructions can direct you to, which
 I having in a blunt round tale, without State-
 for-

formality, politique inferences, or suspected Rhetoricall elegancies, already delivered, you may now dexteriously proceed to the second part of your charge, which is the raking of your heavenly sparks up in the Embers, or reducing the Etheriall lights to their primitive opacity, and grosse darke substance; they are all untrivited from the Spheare, and hang loose in their sockets, where they but attend the waving of your Caduce, and immediately they reinvest their pristine shapes, and appeare before you in their owne naturall deformities.

*Mere. Momus thou shalt prevaile, for since thy bold
Intrusion hath inverted my resolves,
I must obey necessity, and thus turne
My face, to breath the Thunders just decree
'Gainst this adulterate spheare, which first I purge
Of loathsome Monsters, and mis-shapen formes;
Downe from her azure concave, thus I charme
The Lyrnean Hydra, the rough unlick'd Beare,
The watchfull Dragon, the storme-boarding Whale,
The Centaure, the horn'd Goatfish Capricorne,
The Snake-head Gorgon, and fierce Sagittar;
Divested of your gorgeous starry robes,
Fall from the circling Orbe, and e're you sucke
Fresh venome in, measure this happy earth,
Then to the Fens, Caves, Forrests, Desarts, Seas,
Fly, and resume your native qualities.*

They

*They dance in those monstrous shapes the first
Antimaske of naturall deformity.*

Mom. Are not these fine companions, trim play fellows for the Deities? yet these and their fellows have made up all our conversation for some thousands of years. Doe not you faire Ladies acknowledge your selves deeply engaged now to those Poets your servants, that in the height of commendation have rais'd your beauties to a parallell with such exact proportions, or at least rank'd you in their spruce society. Hath not the consideration of these Inhabitants rather frighted your thoughts utterly from the contemplation of the place? but now that these heavenly Mansions are to be voyd, you that shall hereafter be found unlodged will become inexcusable; especially since Vertue alone shall be sufficient title, fine, and rent: yet if there be a Lady not competently stock'd that way, shee shall not on the instant utterly despaire, if shee carry a sufficient pawn of handsomenesse; for however the letter of the Law runs, *Jupiter* notwithstanding his Age and present austerity, will never refuse to stamp beauty, and make it currant with his owne Impression; but to such as are destitute of both, I can afford but small encouragement. Proceed *Cozen Mercury*, what followes?

Merc. Look up, and marke where the bright Zodiack
Hangs like a Belt about the brest of heaven;

On

On the right shoulder, like a flaming Jewell,
 His shell, with nine rich Topazes adorn'd,
 Lord of this Tropique, sits the skalding Crab;
 He, when the Sunne gallops in full careere
 His annuall race; his gastly clawes uprear'd,
 Frights at the confines of the torrid Zone,
 The fiery teame, and proudly stops their course;
 Making a solstice, till the fierce Steeds learne
 His backward paces, and so retrograde
 Poste downe-hill to th'opposed Capricorne.
 Thus I depose him from his laughty Throne;
 Drop from the Sky, into the briny flood,
 There teach thy motion to the ebbing Sea,
 But let those fires that beautifi'd thy shell
 Take humane shapes, and the disorder shew
 Of thy regressive paces here below.

The second Antimasque is danc'd in retrograde paces, expressing obliquity in motion.

Memo. This Crab, I confesse, did ill become the heavens; but there is another that more infests the Earth, and makes such a solstice in the politer Arts and Sciences, as they have not beene observed for many Ages to have made any sensible advance: could you but lead the
 learned

learned Squadrons with a masculine resolution
past this point of retrogradation, it were a be-
nefit to mankind, worthy the power of a god,
and to be payed with Altars; but that not be-
ing the worke of this night, you may pursue
your purposes: what now succeeds?

Merc. Vice, that unbodied, in the Appetite
Erects his Throne, hath yet, in bestiall shapes,
Branded, by Nature, with the Character
And distinct stampe of some peculiar Ill,
Mounted the Sky, and fix'd his Trophies there:
As fawning flattery in the little Dog;
I'th bigger, churlish Murmur; Cowardize
I'th timorous Hare; Ambition in the Eagle;
Rapine and Avarice in th'adventurous Ship
That sayl'd to Colchos for the golden fleece;
Drunken distemper in the Goblet flows;
I'th Dart and Scorpion, biting Calumny;
In *Hercules* and the Lyon, furious rage;
Vaine Ostentation in *Cassiope*;
All these I to eternall exile doome,
But to this place their Emblem'd Vices summon,
Clad in those proper Figures, by which best
Their incorporeall nature is exprest.

The third *Antimasque* is danc'd off these severall vices, expressing the deviation from Vertue.

Mom. From hence forth it shall be no more said in the Proverbe, when you would expresse a riotous Assembly, That hell, but Heaven is broke loose: this was an arrant Goale-delivery, all the Prisons of your great Cities could not have vomited more corrupt matter: but Cozen *Cylleneus*, in my judgement it is not safe that these infectious persons should wander here to the hazard of this Island, they threatned lesse danger when they were nayl'd to the Firmament: I should conceive it a very discreet course, since they are provided of a tall vessell of their owne ready rigg'd, to embarque them all together in that good Ship called the *Argo*, and send them to the plantation in *New-England*, which hath purg'd more virulent humours from the politique body, then *GUACUMA* and all the West-Indian drugs have from the naturall bodies of this Kingdome: Can you devise how to dispose them better?

Marc. They cannot breath this pure and temperate Ayre
Where Vertue lives, but will with hasty flight,
'Mongst fogs and vapours, seeke unsound abodes,
Fly after them, from your usurped seats,
The You fouler remainders of that vaporous brood:

Let not a Starre of luxurious race

With his loose blaze stain the skyes chryſall ſage?

All the Starres are quenched, and the Spheare darkened.

Before the entry of every Antimaſque, the Starres in thoſe figures in the Spheare which they were to repreſent, were extinct; ſo as, by the end of the Antimaſques in the Spheare no more Stars were ſcene.

Mom. Here is a totall Eccliſe of the eighth Spheare, which neither *Booker*, *Alleſtre*, nor any of your Prognosticators, no nor their great *Maſter Tico* were aware of; but yet in my opinion there were ſome innocent, and ſome generous Conſtellations, that might have beene reſerved for Noble uſes: as the Scales and Sword to adorne the ſtatue of Juſtice, ſince ſhe reſides here on Earth onely in Picture and Effigie. The Eagle had beene a fit preſent for the Germans, in regard their Bird hath mew'd moſt of her feathers lately. The Dolphin too had beene moſt welcome to the French, and then had you but clapt *Perſeus* on his *Pegasus*, brandiſhing his Sword, the Dragon yawning on his backe under the horſes feet, with *Pythons* dart through his throat, there had beene a Divine *St. George* for this Nation: but ſince you have improvidently ſhuffled them altoget-

ther

ther, it now rests onely that wee provide an immediate succession, and to that purpose I will instantly proclaime a free Election.

*O yes, O yes, O yes,
By the Father of the gods,
and the King of men.*

Whereas wee having observed a very commendable practise taken into frequent use by the Princes of these latter Ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprizes, sieges, battels, victories, in Picture, Sculpture, Tapestrie, Embroideries, and other manufactures, wherewith they have embellished their publicke Palaces, and taken into Our more distinct and serious consideration, the particular Christmas, hanging of the Guard-Chamber of this Court, wherein the Navall Victory of 88. is to the eternall glory of this Nation exactly delineated; and whereas We likewise out of a propheticall imitation of this so laudable custome, did for many thousand yeares before, adorne and beautifie the eighth roome of Our celestiall Mansion, commonly called the Starre-Chamber, with the military adventures, stratagems, atchievements, feats and defeats, performed in Our Owne person, whilst yet Our Standard was erected, and Wee a Combatant in the Amorous Warfare. It hath notwithstanding, after mature deliberation, and long debate, held

first in our owne inscrutable bosome, and afterwards communicated with Our Privy Councill, seemed meet to Our Omnipotency, for causes to Our selfe best knowne, to unfurnish and disarray Our fore-said Starre-Chamber of all those Ancient Constellations which have for so many Ages been sufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacant places, such Persons onely as shall be qualified with exemplar Vertue and eminent Desect, there to shine in delible Characters of glory to all Posterity. It is therefore Our divine will and pleasure, voluntarily, and out of Our owne free and proper motion, meere grace and speciall favour, by these presents to specifye and declare to all Our loving People, that it shall be lawfull for any Person whatsoever, that conceiveth him or her selfe to bee really endued with any Heroicall Vertue or transcendent Merit, worthy so high a calling and dignity, to bring their severall pleas and pretences before Our Right trusty and and Welbeloved Cozen, and Councillor, Don *Mercury*, and god *Momus*, &c. Our peculiar Deligates for that affaire, upon whom We have transferr'd an absolute power to conclude, and determine without Appeale or Revocation, accordingly as to their wisedomes it shall in such cases appeare behovefull and expedient. Given at Our Palace in *Olympus* the first day of the first moneth, in the first yeare of the Reformation.

Plutus

Plutus enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thin white beard, spectacles on his nose, with a buncht backe, and attir'd in a Robe of Cloath of gold.

Plutus appears.

Merc. Who's this appears?

Mom. This is a subterranean Fiend, *Plutus* in this Dialect term'd Riches, or the god of Gold; a Poyson hid by Providence in the bottom of the Seas, and Navill of the Earth, from mans discovery, where if the seeds begunne to sprout above-ground, the excrecence was carefully guarded by Dragons; yet at last by humane curiosity brought to light, to their owne destruction; this being the true *Pandora's* box, whence issued all those mischiefes that now fill the Vniverse.

Plut. That I prevent the message of the gods
Thus with my haste, and not attend their summons;
Which ought in Justice call me to the place
I now require of Right, is not alone
To shew the just precedence that I hold
Before all earthly, next th'immortall Powers;

But to exclude the hope of partiall Grace
 In all Pretenders, who, since I descend
 To equall tryall, must by my example,
 Waving your favour, claime by sole Desert.

If Vertue must inherit, shee's my slave ;
 I lead her captive in a golden chayne,
 About the world : Shee takes her Forme and Being
 From my creation ; and those barren seeds
 That drop from Heaven, if I not cherish them
 With my distilling dewes, and sove her heart,
 They know no vegetation ; but expos'd
 To blasting winds of freezing Poverty,
 Or not shoot forth at all, or budding, wisher ;
 Should I proclaime the daily sacrifice
 Brought to my Temples by the royling rout,
 Not of the fat and gore of abject Beasts,
 But humane sweat, and blood powr'd on my Altars,
 I might provoke the envy of the gods,
 Turne but your eyes and marke the busie world,
 Climbing steepe Mountaines for the sparkling stone,
 Piercing the Center for the shining Ore,
 And th'Oceans bosome to rake pearly sands,
 Crossing the torrid and the frozen Zones,
 Midst Rocks and swallowing Gulfs, for gainful trade,

And

And through opposing swords, fire, murdering Canon
 Skaling the walled Townes for precious spoyles.
 Plant in the passage to your heavenly seats,
 These horrid dangers, and then see who dares
 Advance his desperate foot; yet am I fought,
 And oft in vaine, through these, and greater hazards;
 I could discover how your Deities
 Are for my sake sleighted, despis'd, abus'd,
 Your Temples, Shrines, Altars, and Images
 Vncover'd, rifled, robb'd, and disarray'd
 By sacrilegious hands: yet is this treasure
 To th' golden Mountaine, where I sit ador'd
 With superstitious solemne rights convey'd,
 And becomes sacred there, the sordid wretch
 Not daring touch the consecrated Ore,
 Or with prophane hands lessen the bright heape;
 But this might draw your anger downe on mortals
 For rendring me the homage due to you:
 Yet what is said may well expresse my power
 Too great for Earth, and only fit for Heaven.
 Now, for your pastime, view the naked roor,
 Which in the dirry earth, and base mould drown'd,
 Sends forth this precious Plant, and golden fruit,
 You lusty Swaines, that to your grazing flocks

Pipe amorous Roundelayes; you toyling Hinde,
 That barbe the fields, and to your merry Teames
 Whistle your passions; and you mining Moles,
 That in the bowels of your mother- Earth
 Dwell the eternall burthen of her wombe,
 Cease from your labours, when Wealth bids you play,
 Sing, dance, and keepe a cheerefull holy-day.

They dance the fourth Antimasque, consisting of Countrey people, musicke and measures.

Merc. Plutus, the gods know and confesse your power,
 Which feeble Vertueseldome can resist;
 Stronger then Towers of brasse, or Chastity;
Ioue knew you when he courted *Danae*,
 And *Cupid* weares you on that Arrowes head
 That still prevailes. But the gods keepe their Throne:
 To enstall Vertue, not her Enemies,
 They dread thy force, which even themselves have felt,
 Witnesse Mount-*Ida*, where the *Mariall* Maid,
 And frowning *Iuno*, did to mortall eyes
 Naked, for gold, their sacred bodies show,
 Therefore for ever be from heaven banish'd.

But

But since with toyle from undiscover'd Worlds
 Thou art brought hither, where thou first didst breath
 The thirst of Empire, into Regall brells,
 And frightedst quiet Peace from her meek Throne,
 Filling the World with tumult, blood, and warre,
 Follow the Camps of the contentious earth,
 And be the Conquerers slave, but he that can
 Or conquer thee, or give thee Vertuous stampe,
 Shall shine in heaven a pure immortall Lampe.

Mom. Nay stay, and take my benediction
 along with you. I could, being here a Co-
 Judge, like others in my place, now that you
 are condemn'd, either rayle at you, or break
 jests upon you, but I rather chuse to loose a
 word of good counsell, and entreat you to bee
 more carefull in your choyse of company, for
 you are alwayes found either with Misers, that
 not use you at all; or with fooles, that know
 not how to use you well: Be not hereafter so
 reserv'd and coy to men of worth and parts,
 and so you shall gaine such credit, as at the next
 Sessions you may bee heard with better suc-
 cesse. But till you are thus reform'd, I
 pronounce this positive sentence, That
 wheresoever you shall chuse to abide, your
 society shall adde no credit or reputation
 to the party, nor your discontinuance,

or

or totall absence, be matter of disparagement to any man ; and whosoever shall hold a contrary estimation of you , shall be condem'd to weare perpetuall Motley , unlesse he recant his opinion. Now you may voyd the Court.

Penia enters, a woman of a pale colour , large brims of a hat upon her head , through which her haire started up like a fury, her Robe was of a darke colour full of patches , about one of her hands was tide a chaine of Iron, to which was fastned a weighty stone, which shee bore up under her arme.

Penia enters.

Merc. What Creature's this ?

Mom. The Antipodes to the other , they move like Two Buckets, or as two nayles drive out one another ; If Riches depart, Poverty will enter.

Pov. I nothing doubt (Great and Immortal Powers)
But that the place, your wisdom hath deny'd
My foe, your Iustice will conferre on me ;
Since that which renders him incapable,
Proves a strong plea for me. I could pretend,
Even in these rags, a larger Sovereignty
Then gaudy Wealth in all his pompe can boast ;
For marke how few they are that share the World ;

The

The numerous Armies, and the swarming Ants
 That fight and toyle for them, are all my Subjects,
 They take my wages, weare my Livery :
 Invention too and Wit, are both my creatures,
 And the whole race of Vertue is my Off-spring ;
 As many mischiefs issue from my wombe,
 And those as mighty, as proceed from gold.
 Oft o're his Throne I wave my awfull Scepter,
 And in the bowels of his state command,
 When 'midst his heapes of coyne, and hills of gold,
 I pine, and starve the avaritious Foole.
 But I decline those titles, and lay clayme
 To heaven, by sight of Divine contemplation;
 She is my Darling, I, in my soft lap,
 Free from disturbing cares, bargaines, accounts,
 Leases, Rents, Stewards, and the feare of theeves,
 That vex the rich, nurse her in calme repose,
 And with her, all the Vertues speculative,
 Which, but with me, find no secure retreat.

For entertainment of this houre, Ile call
 A race of people to this place, that live
 At Nature's charge, and not importune heaven
 To chayne the winds up, or keepe back the stormes,
 To stay the thunder, or forbid the bayle

To thresh the unreap'd eare ; but to all weathers,
 Both chilling frost, and scalding Sunne, expose
 Their equall face. Come forth, my swarthy traine,
 In this faire circle dance, and as you move.
 Marke, and foretell happy events of Love.

*They dance the fifth Antimasque of
 Gypsies.*

Mom. I cannot but wonder that your perpetuall conversation with Poets and Philosophers hath furnished you with no more Logick, or that you should thinke to impose upon us so grosse an inference, as because *Plutus*, and you are contrary, therefore whatsoever is denyed of the one, must bee true of the other ; as if it should follow of necessity, because hee is not *Jupiter*, you are. No, I give you to know, I am better vers'd in cavils with the gods, then to swallow such a fallacie, for though you two cannot be together in one place, yet there are many places that may be without you both, and such is heaven, where neither of you are likely to arrive : therefore let me advise you to marry your selfe to Content, and beget sage Apothegmes, and goodly morall Sentences in dispraise of Riches, and contempt of the world,

Mere.

Merc. Thou dost presume too much, poore needy
wretch,

To claime a station in the Firmament,
Because thy humble Cottage, or thy Tub
Nurses some lazie or Pedantique vertue
In the cheape Sun-shine, or by shady springs
With roots and pot-herbs; where thy right hand,
Tearing those humane passions from the mind,
Vpon whose stocks faire blooming vertues flourish,
Degradeth Nature, and benummeth sense,
And Gorgon-like, turnes active men to stone.
Wee not require the dull society
Of your necessitated Temperance,
Or that unnaturall Rudidity
That knowes nor joy nor sorrow; nor your forc'd
Falsly exalted passive Fortitude
Above the active: This low abject brood,
That fix their seats in mediocrity,
Become your servile minds; but we advance
Such vertues only as admit excessse,
Brave bounteous Acts, Regall Magnificence,
All-seeing Prudence, Magnanimity
That knowes no bound, and that Heroick vertue

For which Antiquity hath left no name,
 But patternes only, such as *Hercules*,
Achilles, *Theseus*. Backe to thy loath'd cell,
 And when thou seest the new enlightned Spheare,
 Study to know but what those Worthies were.

Tiche, enters, her head bald behind, and one
 great locke before, wings at her shoulders, and
 in her hand a wheele, her upper parts naked,
 and the skirt of her Garment wrought all over
 with Crownes, Scepters, Bookes, and such
 other things as expresse both her greatest and
 and smallest gifts.

Mom. See where Dame *Fortune* comes, you
 may know her by her wheele, and that vayle
 over her eys, with which she hopes like a feel'd
 Pigeon to mount above the Clouds, and pearch
 in the eighth Spheare: listen, she begins.

Fort. I come not here (you gods) to plead the Right,
 By which Antiquity assign'd my Denie,
 Though no peculiar station 'mongst the Stars,
 Yet generall power to rule their influence,
 Or boast the Title of Omnipotent,
 Ascrib'd me then, by which I rival'd *Iove*,
 Since you have cancell'd all those old records:
 But confident in my good cause and merit,

Claime

Claime a succession in the vacant Orb,
 For since *Astraea* fled to heaven, I sit
 Her Deputy on Earth, I hold her scales
 And weigh mens Fates out, who have made me blind,
 Because themselves want eyes to see my causes,
 Call me inconstant, 'cause my workes surpasse
 The shallow fathom of their human reason;
 Yet here, like blinded Justice, I dispence
 With my impartiall hands, their constant lots,
 And if desertlesse, impious men engrosse
 My best rewards, the fault is yours, you gods,
 That scant your graces to mortality,
 And niggards of your good, scarce spare the world
 One vertuous, for a thousand wicked men.
 It is no error to conferre dignity,
 But to bestow it on a vicious man;
 I gave the dignity, but you made the vice,
 Make you men good, and I'll make good men happy;
 That *Plutus* is refus'd, dismayes me not,
 He is my Drudge, and the externall pompe,
 In which he decks the World, proceeds from me,
 Not him; like Harmony, that not resides
 In strings, or notes, but in the hand and voyce,
 The revolutions of Empires, States,

Scepters, and Crownes, are but my game and sport,
Which as they hang on the events of Warre,
So those depend upon my turning wheele.

You warlike Squadrons, who in Vanels joyn'd;
Dispute the Right of Kings, which I decide;
Present the modell of that martiall frame,
By which, when Crownes are flak'd, I rule the game.

*They dance the sixth Antimasque, being the
representation of a Battell.*

Mom. Madam, I should censure you, *pro
falso clamore*, for preferring a scandalous crof-
bill of recrimination against the gods, but your
blindnesse shall excuse you. Alas! what would
it advantage you, if vertue were as universall
as vice is? it would onely follow, that as the
world now exclames upon you for exalting
the vicious, it would then raile as fast at you for
depressing the vertuous; so they would still
keepe their tune, though you chang'd their
Ditty.

Merc. The mists, in which future even's are wrap'd,
That oft succeed beside the purposes
Of him that workes, his dull eyes not discerning
The first great cause, offer'd thy clouded shape
To his enquiring search; so in the darke

The

The groping world first found thy Dairy,
 And gave thee rule over contingencies,
 Which, to the piercing eye of Providence,
 Being fix'd and certaine, where past and to come,
 Are alwayes present, thou dost disappear,
 Losest thy being, and art not all.
 Be thou then onely a deluding Phantome,
 At best a blind guide, leading blinder fooles;
 Who, would they but survey their mutuall wants,
 And helpe each other, there were left no roome
 For thy vaine ayd. Wisedome, whose strong-built plots
 Leave nought to hazard, mocks thy futile power.
 Industrious labour drags thee by the locks,
 Bound to his toyling Car, and not attending
 Till thou dispence, reaches his owne reward.
 Only the lazie sluggard yawning lyes
 Before thy threshold, gaping for thy dole,
 And licks the easie hand that feeds his Reath.
 The shallow, rash, and unadvised man
 Makes thee his stale, disburdens all the follies
 Of his mis-guided actions, on thy shoulders.
 Vanish from hence, and seeke those Idents out
 That thy fantasticke god-head hath allow'd,
 And rule that giddy superstitious crowd,

Hedone. Pleasure, a young woman with a smiling face, in a light lascivious habit, adorn'd with silver and gold, her Temples crown'd with a Garland of Roses, and over that a Rainbow circling her head downe to her shoulders.

Hedone enters.

Merc. What wanton's this ?

Mom. This is the sprightly Lady *Hedone*, a merry Gamester, this people call her Pleasure.

Plea. The reasons (equall Iudges) here allcag'd
By the dismiss Pretenders, all concur

To strengthen my just title to the Spheare.

Honour, or Wealth, or the contempt of both,

Have in themselves no simple eall good,

But as they are the meanes to purchase pleasure;

The paths that lead to my delicious Palace;

They for my sake, I for mine owne am priz'd.

Beyond me nothing is, I am the Goale,

The Iourneyes end, to which the sweating world,

And wearied Nature travels. For this, the best

And wisest test of all Philosophers,

Made me the seat of supreme happinesse.

And though some, more austere, upon my ruines

Did to the prejudice of Nature, raise

Some petty low-built vertues, 'twas because
 They wanted wings to reach my soaring pitch,
 Had they beene Princes borne, themselves had prov'd
 Of all mankind the most luxurious.
 For those delights, which to their low condition
 Were obvious, they with greedy appetite
 Suck'd and devour'd : from offices of State,
 From cares of family, children, wife, hopes, feares
 Retir'd, the churlish Cynicke in his Tub
 Enjoy'd those pleasures which his tongue defam'd.
 Nor am I rank'd 'mongst the superfluous goods;
 My necessary offices preserve
 Each single man, and propogate the kind.
 Then am I universall as the light,
 Or common Ayre we breath; and since I am
 The generall desire of all mankind,
 Civill Felicity must reside in me.
 Tell me what rate my choycest pleasures beare,
 When for the short delight of a poore draught
 Of cheape cold water, great *Lysimachus*
 Rendred himseife slave to the Scythians.
 Should I the curious structure of my seats,
 The art and beauty of my severall objects,
 Rehearse at large, your bounties would reserve

For every sense a proper constellation;
But I present their Persons to your eyes.

Come forth my subtile Organs of delight,
With changing figures please the curiouse eye,
And charme the care with moving Harmony.

*They dance the seventh Antimasque of the
five senses.*

Mar: Bewitching Syren, guilded sirenelle,
Thou hast with cunning artifice display'd
Th' enamel'd outside, and the honied verge
Of the faire cup, where deadly poyson lurks.
Within, a thousand sorrowes dance the round;
And like a shell, Paine circles thee without,
Griefe is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
Which, as thy joyes 'ginne tow'ards their West decline,
Doth to a Gyants spreading forme extend
Thy Dwarfish stature. Thou thy selfe art Paine,
Greedy, intense Desire, and the keene edge
Of thy fierce Appetite, oft strangles thee,
And cuts thy slender thread; but still the terrour
And apprehension of thy hasty end,

Mingles with Gall thy most refined sweets ;
 Yet thy *Cyrcan* charmes transforme the world.
 Captaines, that have resisted warre and death,
 Nations, that over Fortune have triumph'd,
 Are by thy Magicke made effeminate.
 Empires, that knew no limits but the Poles,
 Have in thy wanton lip melted away.
 Thou wert the Author of the first excesse
 That drew this reformation on the gods. (have
 Canst thou then dreame, those Powers, that from heaven
 Banish'd th' effect, will there enthrone th' cause ?
 To thy voluptuous Denne, fly Witch, from hence,
 There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutish sense.

Mom. I conurre, and am growne so weary
 of these tedious pleadings, as I'll packe up too
 and be gone : Besides, I see a crowd of other
 suitors pressing hither, I'll stop'em, take their
 petitions and preferre'em above ; and as I came
 in bluntly without knocking, and no body bid
 me welcome ; so I'll depart as abruptly with-
 out taking leave, and bid no body fare-well.

Merc. These, with forc'd reasons, and strain'd argu-
 ments,

Urge vaine pretences, whilst your Actions plead,

And with a silent importunity
 Awake the drouſie Juſtice of the gods
 To crowne your deeds with immortality.
 The growing Titles of your Anceſtors,
 Theſe Nations glorious Acts, joyn'd to the ſtocke
 Of your owne Royall vertues, and the cleare
 Reflexe they take from th' imitation
 Of your fam'd Court, make Honours ſtorie full,
 And have to that ſecure fix'd ſtate advanc'd
 Both you and them, to which the labouring world,
 Wading through ſtreames of blood, ſweats to aſpire.
 Thoſe ancient Worthies of theſe famous Iſles,
 That long have ſlept, in freſh and lively ſhapes
 Shall ſtraight appeare, where you ſhall ſee your ſelfe
 Circled with moderne Heroes, who ſhall be
 In Act, what ever elder times can boaſt,
 Noble, or Great; as they in Propheſie
 Were all but what you are. Then ſhall you ſee
 The ſacred hand of bright Eternity
 Mould you to Stars, and fix you in the Spheare.
 To you, your Royall halfe, to them ſhee'll joyne
 Such of this traine, as with induſtrious ſteps
 In the faire prints your vertuous feet have made,
 Though with unequal paces, follow you.

This is decreed by Love, which my returne
 Shall see perform'd ; but first behold the rude
 And old Abiders here, and in them view
 The point from which your full perfections grew.
 You naked, ancient, wild Inhabitants,
 That breath'd this Ayre, and prest this flowery Earth,
 Come from those shades where dwelt eternall night,
 And see what wonders Time hath brought to light.

Atlas, and the Spheare vanisheth, and a new
 Scene appeares of mountaines, whose eminent
 height exceed the Clouds which pass beneath
 them, the lower parts were wild and woody :
 out of this place comes forth a more grave An-
 timasque of Picts, the naturall Inhabitants of
 this Isle, ancient Scots and Irish, these dance a
 Perica or Martiall dance.

When this Antimasque was past, there be-
 gan to arise out of the earth the top of a hill,
 which by little and little grew to bee a huge
 mountaine that covered all the Scene ; the un-
 der part of this was wild and craggy, and a-
 bove somewhat more pleasant and flourishing :
 about the middle part of this Mountaine
 were seated the three kingdomes of *England*,
Scotland, and *Ireland* ; all richly attired in re-
 gall habits, appropriated to the severall Nations,
 with Crownes on their heads, and each of them
 bearing the ancient Armes of the kingdomes

there presented : At a distance above these sate
 a young man in a white embroydered robe,
 upon his faire haire an Olive Garland with
 wings at his shoulders, and holding in his hand
 a Cornucopia fill'd with corne and fruits,
 representing the Genius of these kingdomes.

The first Song.

GENIUS.

R Aise from these rockie cliffs, your heads,
 Brave Sonnes, and see where Glory spreads
 Her glittering wings, where Majesty
 Crown'd with sweet smiles, shoots from her eye
 Diffusive joy, where Good and Faire,
 Vnited sit in Honours Chayre.
 Call forth your aged Priests, and chrysell
 streames.
 To warme their hearts, and waves in these bright
 beames.

KINGDOMES.

1. From your consecrated woods,
 Holy Druids.
2. Silver stood,

From

3. From your channels fring'd with flowers,
 Hither move; forsake your bowers
 1. Strew'd with hallowed Oaken leaves,
 Deck'd with flags and siedgie sheaves,
 And behold a wonder. 3. Say,
 What doe your duller eyes surway?

CHORVS of DRUIDS and RIVERS.

We see at once in dead of night
 A Sunne appeare, and yet a bright
 Noone-day, springing from Starre-light.

GENIVS.

Looke up, and see the darkened Spheare
 Depriv'd of light, her eyes shine there;

CHORVS,

These are more sparkling then those were.

KINGDOMES.

1. These shed a nobler influence,
 2. These by a pure intelligence

- Of more transcendent Vertue move,
 3. These first feele, then kindle Ioue,
 1. 2. From the bosomes they inspire,
 These receive a mutuall fire;
 1. 2. 3. And where their flames impure retorne,
 These can quench as well as burne.

GENIUS.

Here the faire victorious eyes
 Make Worth only Beausies prize,
 Here the hand of Vertue tyes
 'Bout the heart lov's amorous chayne,
 Captives triumph, Vassals reigne,
 And none live here but the slaine.

CHORVS.

These are th' Hisperian bowers, whose faire trees
 beare
 Rich golden fruit, and yet no Dragon near.

GENIUS.

Then, from your impris'ning wombe,
 Which is the cradle and the tombe
 Of Brittish Worthies (faire sonnes) send
 A troope of Heroes, that may lend
 Their hands to ease this loaden grove,
 And gather the ripe fruits of Love.

KING.

KINGDOMES.

1. 2. 3. *Open thy stony entrails wide,
And breake old Atlas, that the pride
Of three fam'd Kingdomes may be spy'd.*

CHORVS.

*Pace forth thou mighty Brittish Hercules,
With thy choyce band, for only thou, and these,
May revell here, in Loves Helperides.*

At this the under-part of the Rocke opens, and out of a Cave are seene to come the Masquers richly attyred like ancient Heroes, the Colours yellow, embroydered with silver, their antique Helmes curiously wrought, and great plumes on the top; before them a troope of young Lords and Noble-mens sonnes, bearing Torches of Virgin-wax, these were apparelled after the old Brittish fashion in white Coats, embroydered with silver, girt, and full gathered, cut square coller'd, and round caps on their heads, with a white feather wreathen about them; first these dance with their lights in their hands: After which, the Masquers descend into the roome, and dance their entry.

The dance being past, there appeares in the further part of the heaven comming downe a pleasant

pleasant Cloud, bright and transparent, which comming softly downe-wards before the upper part of the mountaine, embraceth the Genius, but so as through it all his body is seene; and then rising againe with a gentle motion beares up the Genius of the three kingdomes, and being past the Airy Region, pierceth the heavens, and is no more seene: At that instant the Rocke with the three kingdomes on it sinkes, and is hidden in the earth. This strange spectacle gave great cause of admiration, but especially how so huge a machine, and of that great height could come from under the Stage, which was but six foot high.

The second Song.

KINGDOMES.

1. **H**ere are shapes form'd fit for heave,
2. **T**hose move gracefully and even,
3. **H**ere the Ayre and paces meet
 So just, as if the skilfull feet
 Had struck the Vials. 1. 2. 3. So the Eare
 Might the tunefull footing heare.

CHO-

CHORVS.

*And had the Musicke silent beene,
The eye a moving tune had seene.*

GENIVS.

*These must in the unpeopled skie
Succeed, and governe Destinie,
Love is temp'ring purer fire;
And will with brighter flames attire
These glorious lights. I must ascend
And helpe the Worke.*

KINGDOMES.

*1. We cannot lend
Heaven so much treasure. 2. Nor that pay
But rendering what it takes away.
Why should they that here can move
Sowell, be ever-fix'd above?*

CHORVS.

*Or be to one eternall posture ty'd,
That can into such various figures slide.*

GENIVS.

*Iove shall not, to enrich the Skie,
 Beggar the Earth, their Fame shall fly
 From hence alone, and in the Spheare
 Kinale new Starres, whilst they rest here.*

KINGDOMES.

*1.2.3. How can the shaft stay in the quiver,
 Yet hit the mark?*

GENIVS.

*Did not the River
 Eridanus, the grace acquire
 In Heaven and Earth to flow,
 Above in streames of golden fire,
 In silver waves below?*

KINGDOMES.

*1.2.3. But shall not we, now thou art gone
 Who wert our Nature, wither,
 Or breake that triple Vnion
 Which thy soule held together?*

GENIUS.

*In Concord's pure immortall Spring
 I will my force renew,
 And a more Active Vertue bring
 At my returne, Adieu.*

KINGDOMES adieu, CHORUS adieu.

The Masquers dance their maine dance ;
 which done, the Scene againe is varied into a
 new and pleasant prospect, cleane differing
 from all the other, the nearest part shewing a
 delicious Garden with severall walkes and per-
 terra's set round with low trees, and on the
 sides against these walkes, were fountaines and
 grots, and in the furthest part a Palace, from
 whence went high walkes upon Arches, and
 above them open Tarraces planted with Cy-
 presse trees, and all this together was compos-
 ed of such Ornaments as might expresse a
 Princely Villa.

From hence the *Chorus* descending into the
 roome, goes up to the State.

The

The third Song.

By the Chorus going up to the Queene.

V Hilst thus the Darlings of the Gods
From Honours Temple, to the Shrine
Of Beauty, and these sweet abodes.

Of Love, we guide, let thy Divine
Aspects (Bright Deity) with faire
And Haleson beames, becalme the Ayre,

We bring Prince Arthur, or the brave
St. George himselfe (great Queene) to you,
You'll soone discern him; and we have

A Guy, a Beavis, or some true
Round-Table Knight, as ever fought
For Lady, to each Beauty brought.

Plant in their Martiall hands, War's seat;
Your peacefull pledges of warm snow,
And, if a speaking touch, repeat

In Loves knowne language, tales of wee;
Say, in soft whispers of the Palme,
As eyes shoot darts, so Lips shed Balme.

For though you seeme like Captives, led
In triumph by the Foe away,

Yet.

*Yet on the Conquers necke you tread,
 And the fierce Victor proves your prey,
 What heart is then secure from you,
 That can, though vanquish'd, yet subdue ?*

The Song done they retire, and the Masquers dance the Revels with the Ladies, which continued a great part of the night.

The Revels being past, and the Kings Majestie seated under the State by the Queene; for Conclusion to this Masque there appeares coming forth from one of the sides, as moving by a gentle wind, a great Cloud, which arriving at the middle of the heaven, stayeth; this was of severall colours, and so great, that it covered the whole Scene. Out of the further part of the heaven begins to breake forth two other clouds, differing in colour and shape; and being fully discovered there appeared sitting in one of them, Religion, Truth, and Wisdome. Religion was appparelled in white, and part of her face was covered with a light vaile, in one hand a Booke, and in the other a flame of fire. Truth in a Watchet Robe, a Sunne upon her fore-head and bearing in her hand a Palme, Wisdome in a mantle wrought with eyes and hands, golden rayes about her head, and *Apoll's* Cithera in her hand. In the other Cloud sate Concord, Government, and Reputation. The habit of Concord was Carnation, bearing in her hand a little faggot of sticks bound together, and on the top of it a hart, and a garland of corne on

her head : Government was figured in a coat of Armour, bearing a shield, and on it a *Medusa's* head ; upon her head a plumed helme, and in her right hand a Lance. Reputation, a young man in a purple robe wrought with gold, and wearing a laurell wreath on his head. These being come downe in an equall distance to the middle part of the Ayre, the great Cloud began to breake open, out of which strooke beames of light ; in the midst suspended in the Ayre, late Eternity on a Globe, his Garment was long of a light blue, wrought all over with Stars of gold ; and bearing in his hand a Serpent bent into a circle, with his tayle in his mouth. In the firmament about him, was a troope of fiftene stars, exprelling the stellifying of our Brittiſh Heroes ; but one more great and eminent than the rest, which was over his head, figured his Majestie. And in the lower part was seene a farre off the prospect of *Windsor Castle*, the famous seat of the most honourable Order of the Garter.

The

The fourth Song.

Eternity, Eusebia, Alethia, Sophia, Homonia, Dicæarche, Euphemia.

ETERNITIE.

BE fix'd your rapid Orbes, that beare.
The changing seasons of the yeare
On your swift wings, and see the old
Decrepit Spheares growne darke and cold;
Nor did love quench her fires, these bright
Flames, have ecclips'd her fullen light:
This Royall Payre, for whom Fate will
Make Motion cease, and Time stand still;
Since Good is here so perfect, as no Worth
Is left for After-Ages to bring forth.

EUSEBIA.

Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeale, the gods adore.

ALETHIA.

My Traits, from humane eyes conceal'd,
Are naked to their sight reveal'd.

SOPHIA.

*Nor doe their Actions, from the guide
Of my exactest precepts slide.*

HOMONOIA.

*And as their owne pure Soules entwind,
So are their Subjects hearts combin'd,*

DICÆARCHE.

*So just, so gentle is their sway,
As it seemes Empire to obey.*

EVPHEMIA.

*And their faire Fame, like incense hurl'd
On Altars, hath perfum'd the world.*

SQ. *Wisedome.* AL. *Truth.* EVS. *Pure A-*
doration.

HO. *Concord.* DI. *Rule* EVP. *Cleare Re-*
putation.

CHORVS.

Crowne this King, this Queene, this Nation.

CHORVS

Wisedome, Truth, &c.

ETER.

ETERNITIE.

*Brave Spirits, whose Adventrous feet
Have to the Mountaines top aspir'd,
Where faire Desert, and Honour meet,
Here, from the toyling Presse retyr'd,
Secure from all disturbing Evill,
For ever in my Temple revell.*

*With wreathes of Starres circled about,
Guild all the spacious Firmament,
And smiling on the panting Routs
That labour in the steep ascent,
With your resistlesse influence guide
Of humane change th incertaine tide.*

EV S. ALE. SOP.

*But oh you Royall Turtles, shed,
When you from Earth remove,
On the ripe fruits of your chaste bed,
Those sacred seeds of Love.*

CHORVS.

*Which no Power can but yours dispençe,
Since you the patterne beare from hence.*

S S.

HOM.

HOM. DIC. EVP.

*Then from your fruitfull race shall flow
 Endlesse succession,
 Scepters shall bud, and Lawrels blow
 'Bout their Immortall Throne.*

CHORVS.

*Propitious Stars shall crowne each birth,
 Whilst you rule them, and they the Earth.*

The Song ended, the two Clouds, with the person sitting on them, ascend; the great Cloud closeth againe, and so passeth away overthwart the Scene; leaving behind it nothing but a Serene Sky After which, the Masquers dance their last dance, and the Curtaine was let fall,

The

The Names of the Masquers.

The Kings Majesty.

<i>Duke of Lenox.</i>	<i>Lord Feilding.</i>
<i>Earle of Devonshire,</i>	<i>Lord Digby.</i>
<i>Earle of Holland.</i>	<i>Lord Dungarvin.</i>
<i>Earle of Newport,</i>	<i>Lord Dunluce.</i>
<i>Earle of Elgin.</i>	<i>Lord Wharton.</i>
<i>Viscount Grandefon,</i>	<i>Lord Paget.</i>
<i>Lord Rich.</i>	<i>Lord Saltine.</i>

The names of the young Lords and Noble- mens Sonnes.

<i>Lord Walden.</i>	<i>Mr. Thomas Howard.</i>
<i>Lord Cranborne,</i>	<i>Mr. Thomas Egerton.</i>
<i>Lord Brackley.</i>	<i>Mr. Charles Cavendish.</i>
<i>Lord Shandos.</i>	<i>Mr. Robert Howard.</i>
<i>Mr. William Herbert.</i>	<i>Mr. Henry Spencer.</i>

FINIS.

The Songs and Dialogues
of this Booke were set with
apt Tunes to them, by M^r.
Henry Lawes, one of His Ma-
jesties Musitians.

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